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THIS BOOK IS AWARDED TO

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FOR

Regular and punctual attendance, correct deportment, and diligence in study of Christian Doctrine, during the past six months.

North New York, *Dec 21st* 18*71*

Rev. JOHN HUGHES, Pastor.

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CASEINE.



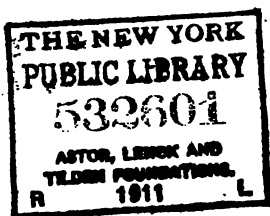
CASEINE:
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RURAL MEDITATIONS.

BY
JOSEPH FITZGERALD, A.M.

CINCINNATI:
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54



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PREFACE.



IT was for long time a custom among writers of books to preface them with an *apology* for their publication, as if sending them forth were in some manner an offense, an intrusion. And even to this day, in accordance with this laudable custom, books are sometimes introduced to readers, under the patronage and protection of some honored name. It might not be an easy thing to find one who would consent to be patron and sponsor for this poor waif; so it must

(v)

needs go out into the world without any protector, yet not without an apology. And this is my apology, and this is my poor book's *raison d'être*: I must build a church here for a poor and sparse congregation, and I propose to get a portion of the necessary funds from the sale of my book.

And believe me, O gentle reader, I do not rush into print because I judge that these, my literary wares, of themselves and on their own merits, have any valid claim to acceptance; nor because I suppose that I have any thing novel or striking, in point either of expression or of matter, to offer. Far from me be such presumptuous thoughts! In sending forth this little volume I do but, as it were, don my beggar's garb, and take my stand in public places, which any beggar may do without offense. It is by this view of the case alone that I justify my course, which else would surely require an ampler apology. This consideration alone led me

to address a circular to the reverend clergy, which I doubt not was by many regarded as the height of impudence. Now, however, after this explanation, I hope I shall be pardoned my intrusion, and aided in a good work, in spite of my awkward presumption.

I will say this, however, that I was encouraged to try this means of collecting money for my church by two considerations. The first was, the well-known generosity of the clergy, as patrons of books; and then, the novelty of the thing, which could hardly fail to get me some subscribers.

One word more: The five papers here given to the public were written in the form of *lectures*. In lectures people look for amusement, pastime, rather than for solid instruction, religious or secular. I confess that I was governed accordingly in the selection of topics, and in the mode of presenting them. This will account for the light, and if I may

say so, the *half humorous*, vein that marks the entire volume almost. It will, however, be easily seen, that a serious purpose generally underlies this less grave exterior, and that my object has only been—
Ridentem dicere verum.

As to the name of the book, I was puzzled for many days trying to invent a name. *Lectures* would never do. The same had to be said of a variety of other titles that occurred to me. Then I hit upon the present one, which many will say is as great a puzzle as that I had to work upon. But that the name I have chosen is not altogether inappropriate, will be seen when you know that the chief product of Lewis County is—CHEESE!

And now, kind reader, good friend, farewell.

JOSEPH FITZGERALD.

LOWVILLE, LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., May 3, 1869.

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CONCERNING BOYS.





I.

"An adult pities the infirmities, as they arise to light in his young fore-runner, which now, perhaps, he does not share ; he looks indulgently upon the errors of the understanding, or limitations of view, which now he has long survived ; and sometimes, also, he honors in the infant that rectitude of will which, under *some* temptations, he may since have felt it so difficult to maintain."—*English Opium-eater*.



ADICTUM of some antiquity affirms that the boy is father of the man, in the sense that whatever qualities—good or bad, of brightness or of dullness—exist in the man, necessarily had their origin and root in the boy ; and that all the boy was, that also must the man be, toned down, it may be, by the circumstance of age, or modified and sobered by experience ; developed,

it may be, to maturity, as the body waxed, and as the faculties of the mind were by degrees expanded and confirmed. In a word, it is claimed that the man is only the boy in a much enlarged and generally improved edition. I take hereby the liberty to announce my dissent from this dictum, albeit men generally account it a truism. And indeed I see many valid reasons for this dissent, which I could bring forward with all the solemn pomp of logical formula were I so minded. That is not my purpose, however, as I prefer the more popular and convincing mode of argumentation, which proceeds by way of illustration and example. But I hope in this discourse to show so many points of radical difference between the nature of men and the nature of boys, as I hope will be sufficient to *lay* forever and effectually the *putid fallacy*, that the boy is father of the man.

Indeed, so far am I from granting the truth of the old saying, that I am ready to subscribe to the contrary opinion, which holds that the man is totally diverse from the boy; diverse in all respects, ex-

cept possibly mode of locomotion, nutrition, general physical structure, and a few *other* unimportant particulars. The man is no more like the boy than the iris-hued butterfly is like the hideous grub from which it is developed; or than the graceful-limbed frog is like the inglorious, long-tailed tadpole, whose heir he is, though not heir *in tail*, being curtailed caudally in the process of metamorphosis.

True it is that *potentially*, so to speak, (and in a grave dissertation like this, the use of the stiff and precise terminology of the schools will be pardoned me, though their formal *methodus argumentandi* would be insufferable,)—*potentially*, then, the butterfly organism is contained in the grub, and the frog in the tadpole; yet they are, respectively, widely diverse and divergent the one from the other in many essential particulars, viz.: the grub is almost inert, and quite loathsome to behold; while the butterfly is agile—an airy, fairy thing of beauty. Again, the tadpole wriggles and squirms from place to place, *sculling* his way through the water, but the frog most gracefully and *manfully* swims.

In some such manner, then, as the frog is an ulterior development of the tadpole, or the butterfly of the grub, I grant that the man may be a development of the boy; but, nevertheless, there is simply a world of difference between the two.

Quitting, however, the contemplation of this momentous question, the true relation subsisting between the man and the boy, be it our present onerous, though not ungrateful nor unprofitable, task to study this vast subject of boyhood in its prominent features. And before we make any very notable advance in this our philosophic inquiry, we shall perceive a certain characteristic of boyhood which I venture to place in the first rank, and to discourse about first. I mean, of course,

THE HABIT OR INSTINCT OF DESTRUCTIVENESS.

It may be affirmed as a general rule, with just exceptions enough to confirm it thoroughly, and to make it as inflexible and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that boys are,

by nature, destructive rather than constructive. The proof of a pudding is in the eating of it. My proposition is best confirmed by an experiment. I propose, then, that you give a boy a watch—and when I say boy, I do not mean young gentleman, though the terms are thought, erroneously, to be sometimes synonymous. In truth, a boy does not belong to the class gentleman at all, whether of the old or young variety. Give, then, a boy a watch, and, if he is a genuine boy, he will have the works out of the case, and in a very bad case, indeed, within a month. Of course, he will excuse the act to himself and to others by saying that he took the ticker—(that's what he'll call it)—that he took it apart for a legitimate purpose; in fact, in pursuit of knowledge! No! I reject the plea; and this for the reason that I know better than he what led him to do the deed. It was not the boy that did it; it was the demon of destructiveness. Perhaps it will be quite as convenient, and certainly more pleasing to ears polite, to call this familiar, an instinct, the instinct of destructiveness.

Take another example of unquestionable destructiveness, where this make-believe diligent searcher for knowledge can not allege any reasonable excuse for his conduct: Why does the urchin beat so very hard on the drumhead, and, when he finds it growing weak and giving way, poke the drumstick perforce through the yielding sheepskin? Then, what interests of science are promoted, or what knotty problem is solved, by his cutting through his ball of India-rubber? Yet our young friend will have it in pieces before he owns it a week. To be sure, he shows that he is not without some share of constructiveness also—as when he builds card-houses or sets up long rows of bricks on end. But is it not the very crisis of his satisfaction when he sees the wondrously built house rocking and toppling to its fall; when he sees destruction advancing steadily on his long files?

One portion, at least, of the old and too-oft told Washingtonian story might with truth be told of any boy whatsoever, viz.: that having a new hatchet, he straightway went and chopped down a

young tree—and it is well if he does no worse mischief. But whether the average boy will so candidly acknowledge his offense, as did George Washington, we shall perhaps be better able to decide when we come to consider the virtues of boys ; but that is a long way off yet.

How are we to account for the antipathy which exists between boys and cats—an antipathy, I mean, on the part of the boy, as I know not if Tabitha reciprocates the sentiment? Some grave authorities assert that this antipathy is based on the fact that cats are the ordinary familiars of witches. But that argument *would n't hold water*, and is about as wide of the truth as the learned King James's reason for the alleged fact that there are more women given to witchcraft than men. "The reason is easy," writes this addle-headed Solomon ; "for as that sex is frailer than man is, so is it easier to be entrapped in these grosse snares of the Divell, as was over-well proved to be true by the serpent's deceiving Eva at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sex sensine."

But, seriously, if the reason assigned were the true reason of the persecution of the felines, any little boy could account for the animosity as readily as the most learned philosopher. But I doubt if any boy, anywhere, ever had a thought of witches while engaged in this favorite pastime of the cat-chase. No! Ask the boys themselves why they pursue cats, and they will with one accord make reply, For the fun of the thing; and the boys ought to know.

After having puzzled many days over this knotty question, I accidentally hit upon a curious ancient epigram, which contains, as in a nutshell, the eminently philosophical solution of the problem. The epigram appears to be written in the style called doggerel. The language is the dog-latin, which is the nearest approach man can make to the cat language. Who is the author of the epigram, it would be unprofitable to inquire; we can well afford to be quite unconcerned about the hull, provided we get at the sweet kernel.

AN EPIGRAM ON CATS.

(*In dog-Latin.*)

Ferre te non possum, Felis ;
Et, si causam queris,
Unum hoc respondeo,
Ferre te non possum, Felis.

Some ignorant fellow, possessed of just a smattering of Latin, undertook to translate these beautiful lines into English rhymes, for the benefit of the unlearned. This precious latinist, if you please, took Felis for the name of some man, an apothecary, and then he dubs him Doctor Fel; *Fel*, instead of full *Felis*, simply for the sake of the rhyme. Thus having deprived the epigram of all its point, he presents it to the public in this squeezed-lemon shape :


DOCTOR FELL.

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell;
The reason why, I can not tell :
But surely this I know right well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

But though this antipathy is so patent that a blind man could not fail to see it, you will find

some base flatterer, and apologist for boys, who will allege that, on the part of his clients, there is simply no antipathy at all in the case; that, in fact, may it please the court, his clients pursue cats purely in the interest of science, and with the purpose, as in the case of the watch, to add to the fund of useful knowledge, to wit: they pursue those animals with the purpose of deciding and settling forever the truth or falsity of the almost universal belief that cats are endowed with nine lives. We must in fairness, however, admit that not now for the first time is the cruelty of boys excused upon this ground. I find in an ancient work of great learning this statement: "The conceit of a cat having nine lives hath cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was renowned for killing a monster that had but three lives."

Of course if we should be convinced that a desire to settle this question as to the manifold life of cats led the boys to kill the felines, we should



forbear to censure them ; as also we should doubtless forbear if they tried *in corpore vili*, you or me, though in this case rather *you* than me, if you please ; we should forbear, I say, if they tried in you or me, by experiment, the truth or falsity of that venerable saying, *If a man is to die by drowning, he never can be strangled to death.* It is to be hoped, however, that their ardor for scientific investigation will not carry them quite so far as that. But, to return to the learned barrister and his defense of boyish antipathy to cats. Against his specious and ingenious plea I have this weighty objection to advance, to wit: that after having seen a cat live through eight distinct deaths, the boys are not yet satisfied, but they must make the poor creature try it the ninth and fatal time, sending poor Tabby down among the dark Plutonian shades ; and then they are ready to experiment again on a fresh cat.

No ; believe me, boys are better inductive philosophers than to require more than one practical demonstration of a cat's tenacity of life, through manifold death, in order to decide the general

question. It is not then in the interests of science, we are forced reluctantly to maintain, that they pursue the feline tribe. I presume, therefore, we must set this antipathy down to the account of boys' natural instinct of destructivity, or whatever you may be pleased to call it; *quod erat demonstrandum*.

A little boy was once asked if he had any liking for cats. "O yes," he replied, "I like them very much—to throw stones at them." And the feathered tribe fare no better at the hands of this young barbarian. He is their determined exterminator; he pursues them with all the hawk's malignity, without the hawk's excuse, that that is *his business*. O for some rhymester to sing boys out of this habit of fell cruelty! Why have we not something, on this point, after the style of that famous ditty,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite?" etc.

But, then, after all, perhaps it is quite as well for the rhymester to spare himself the pains; for

though their little hands were never made for the exercise of such cruelties, still boys find them extremely *handy* for the purpose.

An ingenious old author hath the following, which I give, not so much for the accuracy of his conjecture, as for the quaintness of it, and its quiet satire:

“Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic” (the cat) “may be any cause of the general persecution of owls” (who are a sort of feathered cat), “or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine.” His second conjecture is plainly false and malicious, for the ancients persecuted the owl even as we do.

Doctor Samuel Johnson laid down a rather rigid rule with regard to the management of boys; and, taking this into consideration, we have no reason to be surprised that, in his early capacity as a school-master, he was a failure. His rule was this: “If you see three boys together, thrash them; for either they have been doing, are doing, or are about

to do some mischief." I fear the youngsters must have made life well-nigh unendurable to the philosopher, as long as he wielded the ferule of magisterial authority. Doubtless the unruly urchins kept up a constant fire of paper pellets about the choleric dominie's ears, and arranged pins, points upward, in the cushion of his chair.

I know not exactly under which one of the many heads of my discourse to reduce the case of a poor vagabond dog, with a tin-pan appended to his tail, and then unfeelingly turned out upon the cold charities of a derisive world. My desire in this dissertation is to be most scrupulously methodical ; and therefore it is not without some serious misgivings that I here class this case among cases of boys' destructiveness. I must admit, indeed, that it is somewhat disrespectful to the memory of the great Samuel Johnson, introduced so soon after the mention of his august name. Besides, it is not strictly a case of destructiveness at all ; at worst, only of cruelty. But as it seems to fit in here quite as well as anywhere else, I here insert it,

lest it should be overlooked and omitted, to the serious detriment of my argument.

And now, with regard to this category, destructivity, destructiveness, perhaps quite enough has been advanced to prove that this quality holds very prominent rank among the characteristics of boyhood. Certainly here is no very pleasing prospect for those who have to deal with boys. Yet the picture is not very dark after all. We shall, in due course, come to the consideration of other traits of boyish character, which will make amends for these less pleasing ones which have just been engaging our attention. Here, too, as elsewhere, evils have their compensating good. The boy who is most destructive, most reckless, the greatest felicide, as though he hailed from the *Kaatskills*, becomes, in due time, the strong-willed, brave-hearted man; while, on the other hand, the boy who indulges in none of the freaks of boyhood, is generally unsound in body or mind, or both, and he is short-lived. The harum-scarum boy settles down into the thoughtful, prudent man; the silent, quiet boy, the

white-haired boy, mamma's pet, the spoiled favorite of the school-master, too often develops the most dangerous qualities in mature years. Indeed, so different is the man from the boy, that, far from holding for the truth of the old saying, that the boy is father of the man, it were wiser and truer to say that the man is only remotely, if at all, related to the boy. This being the case, what a mysterious period of human life is the time of hobbledehoyhood, when this great transformation of the boy into the man is in some hidden and wonderful manner taking place! Meanwhile the poor hobbledehoy, who is neither man nor boy—only betwixt and between—strokes his gooseberry chin with supreme nonchalance and unconcern, pencils his non-apparent moustache, and indulges in all manner of most ridiculous vanities—just as if he were not one of the greatest mysteries in human life! What a snob he is, the hobbledehoy! With what an air he dons and sports his wondrous tile! How consumedly vain he is! He honestly believes that the gaze of all is fixed upon him in envious admira-

tion. He feels in his inmost soul that he might be a veritable bluebeard, if he only wished to exert the full power of his fascinations! But we must not suffer him to lead us astray from our proper subject, the boy; not the hobbledehoy, nor yet the young gentleman. We must avoid digressions, else we shall not be able to consider a tithe of the topics concerning boys which we propose to study.

The boy makes sport of the absurd vanity of that odd creature, the hobbledehoy; his tile, and the dainty *pose* thereof; the monkey-like imitation of grown-up men; the dainty, mincing gait; the flash airs; the killing glances; the affected dignity; and the other little weaknesses of the hobbledehoy, the boy judges meet quarry for the shafts of his merciless satire. But boys, too, alas and alackaday! that I should be obliged to admit it—boys, too, are in their way snobbish and vain to a degree—insufferably so. In the matter of raiment, wherein human vanity and snobbishness most frequently are detected, the tastes of boys and their preferences are quite decided. In general, the cut

and style of the garment is of infinitely higher importance in their eyes than the material. They would prefer, for instance, a nice smart jacket of coarse material before a *frock* of the finest. One thing they will always insist upon, that there be a plenty of pockets, receptacles which boys have need of, to hold the few dozen little articles which they are necessitated to carry about with them at all times; their jackknife and a supply of marbles; their fishing-line and kite-cordage; their odds and ends of straps and strings; and scraps of brass; and buckles and buttons; their top; and not a few other articles equally indispensable. In the matter of pockets, it is to be presumed that a boy will commend the unconscionable taste of the modern British tourist, who generally bursts upon the astonished gaze of Europe and the world in a suit of pockets—pockets from the collar of his coat down to the buckle of his galoshes; pockets before and pockets behind, and eke on either side; pockets within and without; pockets overlapping and over-reaching pockets; and a pouch suspended over

the shoulder with pocket flaps on that too—he a portent and a puzzle to all the wide world save only his own incomparable self and the world of boys.

Boys have no objection to be thought of a military turn; in short, of having a leaning toward the army. Consequently, if the tailor or mamma can introduce a little soldierly air into the cut of their garments, they will not complain. Better still it is if their raiment can be made suggestive of sea breezes; in fact, if the little snob can fancy himself to be, or can make believe that he is, of a sailorly turn. If you have an eye on him, you will find him not unfrequently studying intently before the glass the sailor's *pose* of the hat; the sailor's knot of the cravat; the sailor's turn-down collar; the sailor's rolling gait. He will expose himself to the hottest rays of the sun, in order to acquire the sailor's tanned complexion. If you are admitted into the sanctuary of his private life, you will often hear him "shivering his timbers," and employing other nautical expressions becoming a youth whose aspira-

tions are directed toward the glory of a Life on the Ocean Wave.

To return for a space to the matter of attire. Boots, of course, a boy will always infinitely prefer to shoes—boots, too, with flashy tops, and his trousers tucked clumsily into them. Thus arrayed, he is not dainty to pick his steps; he rather seeks the deepest mud, so as to test his boots, and to show that he is no nice, tender weakling, but a big, brawny boy, able for any one of his weight and inches anywhere. I fear boot-blackening would almost go out of vogue, if boys were the arbiters of the *mode*.

Then, as for the other extremity of him, he likes his hat or cap to sit lightly and jauntily *on three hairs*; the smaller and nobbier the hat or cap the better. His utter abomination is the *tile*, or stove-pipe hat, which he considers, and justly too, one of the absurdest articles of human attire ever devised. I doubt if the man condemned to the stocks and the pillory feels more abashed than the boy whom cruel parents require to wear a *tile*. There

is but one consolation vouchsafed to the unhappy boy thus ill-treated, viz.: that boys' tiles do n't last for any great length of time, as they do not stand as much ill-usage as cats; and parents find out, when it is too late, that tiles are for manhood and hobbledehoyhood, and young-gentlemanhood—boys scorn to put them on.

As crowning boys with stovepipe hats, or tiles, outrages their nice sense of propriety, for the reason that it is an attempt to hurry them unwillingly and before their time into the crude and calfy state of hobbledehoyhood, so do they with equal vigor protest against being reduced again to the equivocal and epicene condition of bib-and-tuckerhood, after having been once emancipated from that low estate; after having indued the roundabout and trousers of perfect and independent boyhood.

The boy is not by nature a dandy, an exquisite. His chief preference in the matter of attire is smartness. He does not wish to be strait-laced either morally or physically; as becomes a youngster of flexible frame, who practices standing on his

head, leaping, running, tumbling, rolling, scuffling, and many other very undignified exertitions inconsistent with strait-lacing. So please indulge his bent, and do not check these natural inclinations, by arraying him in unsuitable garments,

But a boy's great vanity, his overweening foible, is one that can not be ministered to by all the art of the tailor, cut he and fit he never so nicely. Ah, no! The boy's great weakness is his strength,—to state, in a sort of Hibernian paradox, the patent fact that he is ever vainest of his physical prowess; his brawn and his muscle; his hard blows; his big jumps; his long wind; his fleetness of foot. He would infinitely prefer the title of best fighter in his crowd, best wrestler, best jumper, to that of head boy of his class at school. In the boys' republic he is deemed most honorable who can deal the heaviest blows most dexterously; who is most expert in all physical exercises. He is their BIG INJUN indeed.

The boy loves dearly to discourse of horses and horse-races, and takes pride in being well informed


as to the stakes, and the *points* of famous horses. He is never absent from a race, if he can help it. When hanging used to be done in public, he always patronized capital executions, gracing them with his presence. He is never absent from balloon ascensions, always appearing, on such occasions, an interested though calm spectator—calm and cool, because it would not become a boy to betray nervousness at the sight of a man making an aerial voyage. *NIL ADMIRARI* is his stoical motto. He takes a profound interest in prize-fights and dog-fights, and other such horrors. More especially does he like to be considered almost blood-thirsty by the weak and timid. Hearing the little snob talk, you might be disposed to think him as brave as a lion. But, no! It is only a little trick of vanity; and he has as little desire to be chewed up raw as the mildest-mannered grown-up person of us all. Have you ever known a boy to kill a snake, and then leave it on the spot where it was killed? Of course not! He must bring it home, as a proof of his bravery—taking good care to have

a safe length of pole between himself and the trophy—and there dangle the nasty thing in the face of those he knows to be nervous.

What a brave game of brag this little impostor plays with those timid doves, his little sisters, when his discourse is of deeds of horror! With what smug complacency does he recount the blood-freezing details of some brutal fight, as thus: "Well, then, you see, the other fellow jumped up, and as quick as flash gouged out the first fellow's eye! Oh, it was the neatest thing you ever did see! It was just bully! And then, if you please, those pesky pleacemen should put their nose in and spoil our fun!" Note how bravely he points a pistol at the nervous audience! With what a grim air of soldierly determination he terrifies them with a drawn sword, though he is in momentary fear of lopping off his own toes with the weapon! The roar of artillery on the glorious Fourth may scare girls and weakling boys: to his ear it is grateful music; far more sweet than is strummed out of piano-fortes—and all this, though perhaps the little

cowardly impostor in his heart of hearts wishes himself at a safe distance when the guns are fired. He has a sincere contempt for the prudence and counsels of girls, and Pshaw! is the only reply he has to make when he is entreated to keep out of danger's way. Though the unexpected apparition of a white-robed mock-ghost, with face whitened with flour, throws this hero almost into convulsions of terror; yet, through chattering teeth and blanched lips, he will force a faint laugh, which his terror-stricken countenance belies; for is it possible for a boy to be terrified by any thing whatsoever? His perseverance, when putting in his hard apprenticeship to the art of smoking tobacco is truly exemplary, and worthy of a better cause. Though the first or the second lesson in this manly accomplishment may well-nigh prove the death of him, yet he will never complain; and when the nausea is over, and *Richard is himself again*, he will bravely try it on once more. Oh, the vain little snob! Oh, the boastful, swaggering little pretender! Yet, believe me, he is not half the dare-

devil he would make us believe him to be. But still, do not let him suspect that you see through his flimsy false pretenses. Do not let him see that you know he is a coward. His little game of petty deceit is only what you yourself, my dear sir, practiced when you were a boy like him ; and you know it helped your self-respect and your self-reliance in no mean degree. It can do no harm in the world, not even to the boy himself. So let him indulge his little vanities and foibles in peace. Do not take him down from the high horse he bestrides with such conscious pride. What one of us is as brave as he would have his neighbors believe? Yet we give a man the credit and praise of stout-heartedness if he keeps a stiff upper lip (as we say) when he is down, when he is beaten, when fortune frowns upon him. Let us be at least equally just, or equally generous to the little fellows ; for their little heroisms are only little in comparison with our *great heroisms* ; in boys they are great ; they are worthy of respect then, even the respect of grown-up people.

I remember once having seen somewhere a little wood-cut, which, in a very few lines, told a great deal. As far as I know, it was neither designed nor engraved by any artist known to fame, this little wood-cut. It represented a little fellow of six or seven years, sitting in an easy-chair, and evidently sick; for his head was bandaged about. By his side was his little sister, presenting to him, for his amusement, the best offering in her gift, namely, her doll. The little man, of course, could find no solace in the possession of a girl's toy; and his own proper toys, his hobby-horse, his top and cross-bow, from which he was wont to draw rare amusement, were on the ground  his feet, rejected playthings—the sweetest, most eloquent, and yet most pathetic mementoes of departed little ones that any house contains. This latter circumstance told the tale of the little fellow's suffering more graphically than words could do it. From it we had understood all, even though the little bandaged head and pain-pinched visage had not borne their testimony. It was as if the miser relaxed his grip

on his money-bags, and suffered them to slip from his clutches. Yet the little man weakly extends his hand to receive his sister's doll, and will evidently make believe that it comforts him. All this purely to gratify his little sister, and to give her the assurance that he is not yet quite vanquished by disease. It was a little trick, a little vanity in the child perhaps; yet it was a heroism of no mean order. There was a better lesson, methinks, in that trivial picture, both for men and boys, than is conveyed in many a ponderous volume I wot of, full of pretension; aye, and better than is conveyed in many a long-winded sermon, too! If invalids would act after the manner of this little hero, in their own degree, giving up querulousness, and complaining, and testiness, it would be a more agreeable task, I ween, to minister to them than it sometimes is.

But I am anticipating, and going beyond the bounds I have set myself in this essay. It was my purpose, in this part, to expose the vanities and foibles of boyhood; and lo! here I am extoll-

ing their virtues ; and this I call anticipating ; for we shall come to the consideration of boys' virtues in due time, as I reserve that for another place. Then I started out with the intention of describing the characteristics of boyhood ; and lo ! here I am reading a moral lesson to grown-up folks ; and this is what I call going unwarrantably beyond the proper bounds of the subject in hand. But of these offenses I shall not be guilty a second time, I trust.

To come back therefore, to the vanities of boyhood. A boy thinks many things are added to his stature by the tallness of the oaths which he employs. Doubtless it is faulty logic that leads him to this conclusion. I presume he reasons himself into this belief by some such process of deduction as this : Big men swear ; I swear : therefore I am manly, at least in that one respect. He notices, also, that men who drive teams are particularly vigorous swearers ; and, as a boy has an inborn respect for horses and the drivers thereof, perhaps he thinks that he is but qualifying himself to be an owner of horses, by uttering oaths and profani-

ties. He is most certainly at fault here in his reasoning; for doubtless there are many men who can and do swear lustily enough to stampede a troop of elephants, and yet never owned a single ring-boned and spavined steed; as there are also men who are *bona fide* owners of horses, yet who never swear.

Here, though the temptation to digress once again from the straight path of the main subject is undoubtedly strong, and the inducement specious; and though it would not be a very unpardonable digression here to read grown-up folks a homily on swearing in the interests of the rising generation; yet as my word is pledged to the contrary, I *wil* not be led aside from my main purpose on any account. I will only avail myself of this opportunity to say to my young friend (*not* to any grown-up person, mark you), that the English language hath one score and six distinct letters in its alphabet, all right worthy and honorable characters; and that there are in the same, our mother tongue, I know not how many tens of

thousands of separate words of good repute and standing in the world of letters. These words are competent to express, with nice precision and with all requisite force, all that you may desire to say, my dear young friend, without the slightest suspicion of profanity. The six and twenty letters of the alphabet, too, if used with proper discretion, you will find will go far enough for your uses, without unnecessarily repeating so frequently capital *G* and small *d*, and perhaps some few other letters which seem to have a particular fascination for you.

Whether this reminds me of a story or not, I will tell you a short one having a direct bearing on the matter in hand; therefore it can not be called a digression by any manner of means. Sidney Smith, once upon a time, happened to be traveling in a stage-coach. His sole *compagnon de voyage* was a man who could not utter a single brace of words without (as they say) ripping out a round oath. The witty parson hit upon this method of showing the man the exceeding folly of his profane habit.

He would insert among his words, here and there, *pokers, tongs, andirons*, thus: I once (pokers, tongs, andirons) knew (pokers, tongs, andirons) a man (pokers, tongs, andirons)—and was thus proceeding with his interesting discourse, when his companion interrupted him with a polite request, not unaccompanied by as polite an oath, that he would omit the enumeration of his fireside furniture, the repetition being somewhat monotonous, beside sadly interfering with the continuousness of his discourse. “O,” said the witty div~~er~~, “it is a way I have of ornamenting and re-enforcing my speech. I have always admired the vigor and elegance of language interlarded with oaths; but, as you may see from my cloth, my sacred profession made it out of the question for me to employ those beautiful expletives myself; therefore I had to resort to the use of those other interjections, with which you find fault, and find them a very tolerable substitute for the genuine article; don’t you think so?” Of course, this long speech (which, by the way, is not the great wit’s at all, but my own, and made to order) was broken up

into small fragments by the flying fire-place furniture. When it was concluded—and it must have taken an hour to deliver it—no doubt the poor swearing traveler was exhausted, admitted that he *owed one* to the parson, and for the rest of the journey was on his good behavior. So go you, my young friends, and do likewise.

There are many other vanities, I make no doubt, incident to boyhood, beside those we have now considered; but as it is not by any means my intention that this discourse should be exhaustive of the subject-matter of it, and of the audience too, by attempting to say all that could be said of it, in all its branches, we will therefore here take leave of the topic of boyish vanities, and turn to the consideration of other themes which now most respectfully claim our attention.

And here comes in that grand topic, boys' pugnacity, one of the most important heads in the entire discourse, worthy to be ushered in accompanied by the shrill fife and the kettle-drum! Indeed, among the three points of boys' character which I

have hitherto either enucleated or merely mentioned by name, to wit, destructiveness, vanity, and pugnacity, I know not which to choose in order to assign to it the very highest rank above the others, and above *all* others. We will avoid this difficulty by omitting altogether the consideration of the weighty question as to which quality ranks first. I will say, however, in confidence, that I rank pugnacity first myself, and so do the boys. Judge ye, then, for yourselves.

A healthy, hearty boy fights as naturally as a young duck swims, and the efforts of anxious parents and aunts to keep them out of fights are generally as unavailing and ridiculous as the fussy attempts of a motherly hen that has hatched out a brood of ducks, to keep the amphibious chicks out of the water. "Ye'll drown," she cluck-clucks at them in her most excited manner. "Know nothing about it," murmur the saucy little fledgelings, as pertly as you please, and in they go, kerslush! And when they get back safely to land, the sensible old dotard do n't spank them, but exacts a promise

from them that they will never do the like again. And they promise, looking with their honest eyes into her motherly old face. Little boys will do the same, and keep their promise not to fight any more, the little dears. I should n't like to trust them though, for boys take to fighting spontaneously, even as the bull-terrier pup, or the game chicken of true blood. In fact, they pine away; they grow blue-moldy if they are kept too long from giving or taking a licking. See how their little hands are doubled up into unmistakable fists, whilst they are yet but babes. Fighting is in the nature of them; and therefore how much soever you may disapprove, fight they will all the same. I do not know that a fair, square, stand-up fight does any harm morally or physically—serious harm I mean, of course. Boys have a code of honor among themselves which prohibits unfair advantage being taken of one another in the fight; and thus, generally, serious consequences are avoided. Whatsoever one may think about fighting, I believe all will agree that it is better to spill a little claret, and have the

quarrel at an end, than that the boys should go on brewing bad blood against one another. One reason, probably, why boys settle their differences by single combat in the field of honor is, that, as among sovereign and independent states, even so among boys, there is no court of competent jurisdiction to sit upon cases and controversies, and endowed with sufficient power to enforce its decisions. You might say, perhaps, that parents and teachers constitute such a court ; but have you forgot what you well knew when you were a boy, that boys have a law among themselves which makes it a high crime indeed to call in such outside interference, or to appeal to such parental or magisterial court ? The offense is called tattling ; the offender, a tattler, the greatest criminal known to their code. The crime is equivalent to what in grown-up folks' codes is called high treason. So when the boys have any little differences among themselves, what have they to do but to resort to the code duello ? Nations go to war, boys fight ; both sovereign, neither acknowledging any earthly superior.

Few events in a boy's life tend so much to inflate his vanity as the being victor in a fight with some adversary bigger, older, and stronger than himself. Perhaps you have seen or heard of cases of big men chuckling with delight at having overreached their neighbors in business, taking credit to themselves for their dishonorable astuteness, their *smartness*. Who will dare say that the boy's self-gratulation is not far purer and more honorable, when he has fairly and squarely, in a regular stand-up fight, worsted a bigger antagonist? However that may be, such a victory is the proudest feather in his cap. It gives him importance and consequence among his fellows, and exalts him no trifle in his own esteem. Even when he is a man grown, he will not forget the triumphs and trophies of his boyhood's days; and they may serve to give him some vantage ground within himself, when challenged to more serious encounters. It is some encouragement even for a man, when he can say, As a boy, no boy of my size beat me in a fair fight. I once heard a man of peace referring, not without

pride, to the fighting record of his boyhood's time. He was as mild-mannered a man as you would meet in a day's walk, and yet his words were, "I never stood up before a boy of my inches, but I licked him." I could imagine the same mild-mannered man referring, even in gray hairs and bowed-down age, to the self-same boyish triumphs, and with much the same pride; and, though we might smile, we should never cry shame! But we should check his indecorous boasting, if he were so lost to shame as to glory in the wiles and craft of maturer years.

Besides their multitudinous fights, such is the pugnacity inherent in boys' natures, that they must have wars, too, and pitched battles. When you have the boys of one street arrayed against those of another, and the contest opens with stones as missile weapons, you see there is a new element introduced—the spice of real danger. I have seen many such contests fought, *quorum pars fui*, indeed (to conceal under a Latin veil of semi-opacity my personal experience of them); yes, and

those battles were fought, as I believe, in dead earnest; and yet, as if by a miracle, I can not remember any serious consequences to life or limb resulting from them. Perhaps the timely appearance of those guardians of the peace, the police, is to get the credit of the bloodless termination of those battles. One commendable circumstance connected with those general engagements, in all other respects so deserving of stern censure, is that comparatively few used to shirk military duty in defense of the honor and interests of their street or quarter of the town, when the tocsin sounded to arms. There were few deserters, and bounty-jumpers none. Furthermore, the boys that made the quarrel were bound to be in the fight, in the very forefront of the battle. A quarrel-maker could n't say to the rank and file, himself studiously keeping in the rear, "Go in, boys! this is *my* war, and *your* fight!" In this respect and in some others, boys, what time I was a boy, were wont to differ from men. Apropos of boys' pugnacity: do men confess their inferiority to boys, in

a fighting point of view, when they call the rank and file of an army *boys*;—the boys—our boys—the boys in blue?

School-boys of the olden time used to have a famous custom in merry England, called Barring-out. It was a way they had, half playful, half serious, of excluding the master from the school-room until such time as he would come to an agreement with the scholars about granting a holiday, or commencing the Christmas holidays earlier than he intended. Custom had made it a sort of law of the schools, that if the boys could maintain their stand within for the space of three full days, defeating the efforts of the master and his mercenaries to effect an entrance, *aut vi aut dolis*, then that grave potentate was obliged to grant them, in solemn form, in writing under his hand and seal, not alone the day or days of vacation for which they had rebelled, but also a full amnesty for all acts done pending the rebellion. This document was authenticated by the signatures of the master and the heads of the revolt. If, however,

the master, by fair means or by foul—by craft and stratagem or by main force—succeeded in making a practicable breach in the fortifications, and effected an entrance into the citadel before the three days had expired, then the insurgents had nothing for it but to surrender at discretion, *et supplices tendere manus*. Then they had no rights which the master was bound to respect, and they had to take whatever conditions the conqueror was pleased to assign ; and these, it is quite needless to say, came mostly in the shape of a birch rod, heavily laid on, the ring-leaders, however, being singled out for the severest punishment. But now this time-honored custom of Barring-out, is, as I understand, long fallen into disuetude : and it is well. We will shed no tears over its downfall. Boys have, and will ever have, a plenty of opportunities of indulging their warlike propensities without adding to the burden of cares that oppress the poor dominie's soul.

They will even make for themselves opportunities, if none offer themselves spontaneously. And here I am reminded of a story about a pair of

young hopefuls in England. It runneth thus: Once upon a time, the head-master of a certain public school in that country appointed one of his scholars to aid a new-comer to master the preliminary difficulties of the Greek grammar—the alphabet. The despot of the birchen rod was much gratified at seeing the uncommon diligence with which the young Mentor labored to convey the instruction, and was satisfied that the new aspirant to classical honors was acquiring a perfect familiarity with the powers of the Greek characters. Poor man! he was surprised, the next morning, when he found the new-comer as ignorant as ever of the letters. The explanation is this—and it was not till some years afterward that the secret transpired: The youngsters had seized the opportunity to arrange the preliminaries for a neat little fisticuff fight, as they were evenly matched in all respects. The affair came off after school hours. The parties to it had never known, or even seen, each other before that day. I fear the reign of universal peace, so devoutly to be prayed for, is yet a long

way off in the future. I fear the peace society will have up-hill work of it, doing away with wars, as long as human nature is what it is. But, then, I believe the peace society broke up, a few years since, and grafted itself into the army—the hum-guards, I believe, was the branch of the service they chose. This little narrative of the two naughty school-boys who fought at first sight, fitly closes the splendid chain of arguments by which the natural pugnacity of boyhood is proved; and furthermore, it fully sustains my previous assertion, that boys and bull-terriers take to fighting spontaneously, instinctively.

They fight but as the linnet sings,
They quarrels pick, because they must.

My province is only to state facts as they are, neither excusing nor condemning; only simply portraying, with conscientious fidelity, the leading characteristics of boyhood, as they are and as they have been—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. A little less combativeness might be desirable, perhaps it is even attainable. If so, clap on your re-

straints; check this *perfervidum ingenium puero-
rum*; but take care that you go not too far in that
direction, for I believe there is such a thing as too
good a boy—too mild, too sedate, too wise for this
world.

At Exeter, in Devon, as I somewhere read, the
boys have (or, rather, I had better say, *used to have*,
for my informant writes under date 1750) an annual
custom of damming up the channel in the streets,
as they went the rounds of the several parishes of
the city, and of splashing the water upon people
passing by. Neighbors as well as strangers were
forced to compound hostilities by giving the boys
of each parish money to pass without ducking;
each parish asserting its prerogative in this respect.

Cities are too well policed nowadays for their
high mightinesses, the boys, to carry things with
so high a hand; and perhaps pocket-money is not
so scarce among them now as it used to be an
hundred years ago or more, so that there is not
the same occasion for their resorting to practical
brigandage in order to get the price of taffy and

gingerbread. But, and to their honor be it said, if the guardians of the peace thus abridge the liberties of the boys in one respect, they sternly maintain and defend them in another. Thus there is at least one town or city in Massachusetts wherein the police regulations declare a certain steep street closed to travel, and sacredly reserved to the sole and exclusive occupation of boys with their sleds, in the *coasting* season.

Has your oldest boy ever told you to your face that, in such and such circumstances, he would run away and go to sea? No! Then be sure he has not failed to make the threat *sotto voce*, to himself; for whenever a boy feels himself aggrieved, his first thought is to seek oblivion of his cares amid the various fortunes of a life on the ocean wave, and never to return until he returns as the bronzed master of a ship possessed of untold treasure—

From those far-distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem, of which they tell
In books of travel strange.

Restlessness is a characteristic of boyish nature, and no life has more charms for such natures than that of the sea-farer. In view of this roving propensity in boyhood, it seems a little strange that the constant complaint in maritime districts is that the supply of seamen for the merchant and naval service is ever too scant. The reason is, no doubt, that boys do not really mean at all to go to sea, but nurse the thought as a pleasing fancy, and now and then throw out a threat for certain wise purposes of their own.

I wonder how many boys in, say a hundred, who run away from the shelter of the parental roof, ever try to foresee the disappointments and repulses they will inevitably meet with in the wide world. Ah, poor fellows! the most improvident of God's creatures, it is but a fallacious, rose-colored picture they paint to themselves of the great world. They are viewed with suspicion wherever they go, simply because they are boy-tramps. Where the adult vagrant and vagabond readily obtains a lodging for the night and a meal under the farmer's roof the

poor boy-vagrant is too often warned off. Though willing to work, but few care to employ him. The poor little Arab, after a little, comes to consider law, and society, and respectability his natural enemies, and he declares open war against them ; he joins the criminal class ; he appears to be thwarted on every side ; and what wonder, then, if he succumbs to temptation and becomes an outlaw ? The boy who passes through this ordeal unscathed and without dishonor is deserving of great credit.

Traveling circuses and theatrical companies possess great fascinations for the minds of boys. The brilliant spangles of the actors' costumes impress them favorably. They imagine that the company of the clown, or merryman, must be a source of endless amusement, never failing, never tiring for those whose privilege it is to enjoy his society. Then the free and easy life of such companies, changing ever, ever on the move—all this exactly fulfills the boy's idea of a happy life. He imagines that if he can only succeed in gaining admission into such gay company, his fortune is made. O,

what a will-o'-the-wisp that is to lead him on into destruction! But he recks not of the probabilities of the future; he only compares his lot as he knows it with that of the showman as he pictures it in his fancy, and pursues what he judges is a brilliant fortune.

Penned up in school, he feels that he is a prisoner. The blessed sun, mayhaps, is shining with ardent splendor there abroad in the green fields, inviting him out into the glorious freedom of the country; the birds are caroling and merry-making on every branch, and he would fain be merry as they; but no! there he must pine in dull captivity, toiling at ungrateful tasks. How enviously he regards grown-up people, who have no school to go to, and who work or play as they judge best! O, if he had but to work and toil—any thing else rather than to have to sit there the livelong day, chained to his desk like a slave to the bank of a galley! Boys, however, have not so much reason for complaint now as they used to have when some of us were boys. The routine of school-life has

been greatly changed in the universal progress of modern times. Once upon a time—and that time not so very long ago either—the rod absolutely ruled the school. Now a more rational system has pretty generally dispensed with the rod. In the matter of books, too, there has been a notable change for the better. Books now are better graded than they used to be, so as to lead the young mind by easy steps into the temple of knowledge. The memory is not overburdened, as it used to be. And yet, with all our modern aids, and all our undeniable latter-day improvements, both in books and in systems of instruction, depth of knowledge, sound erudition is a rarer thing to find to-day than it was say two hundred years ago. The millions are educated now more or less, but the scholarly few are sadly deficient as compared with the great scholars of the past. This is probably only a confirmation of the trite remark, that we value and treasure things in proportion to the pains we are at to come by them. Men make less accurate scholars, and less thorough in these days of

cheap books, than they did in the times when books were attainable only by the few, and that with great difficulty. Yet, for the sake of the million, we can content ourselves with the lower standing of the few ; and if school-boys are not as well *grounded* to-day as they used to be, there is this consolation, that an infinitely greater number of them go to school, and also that the asperities of school-boy life are very materially modified in the schools of to-day. In books ; in mildness of discipline ; in improved methods of instruction ; in school apparatus ; in light, and warmth, and ventilation ; in elegance and comfort of school furniture, the school-boy of to-day has very great advantage over his predecessors. Add to all this, that he is not tied down to his tasks in school as many hours of the day, and it will be seen that boys have far less reason to grumble at their general lot now than we had. All this must have a good effect upon them in many respects, and check materially their desire and inclination for truancy and roaming.

There is not a scene on earth more genuinely
gladsome than that of the

BREAKING UP

of school for the holidays. In the good old days, when boys were boys indeed, and children child-like, you could not be a resident in the vicinity of a school-house, on the day of breaking up for the Christmas holidays, without being early aware of the commencement of the *boys' saturnalia*. The youngsters would begin to assemble at the school at day-break. The first boy on the ground would return through the streets, sounding a horn, to wake up sluggards. When all were routed up and gathered into the school-house, they got their slates and books from the dominie, and, with deafening cheers, they scampered off to play.

Doubtless it was some general favorite among boys and master that composed this ditty, with its curious Latin and curious English, and genuine humor :

Ante finum termini baculos portamus
 Caput ostiarii frangere debemus;
 Si præceptor nos petit quo debemus ire,
 Breviter respondemus, *non est tibi scire!*
 O prænobilis doctor, now we you pray
 Ut velitis concedere to gyff us leff to play.
 Nunc proponimus ire, *withoutt any ney*,
 Scolam dissolvere, I tell itt you in fey.
 Sicut istud festum merth is for to make,
 Accipimus nostram diem owr leve for to take.
 Post natale festum, full sor shall we qwake,
 Quum nos revenimus latens [Latins ?] for to make.
 Ergo nos rogamus, hartly and holle,
 Ut isto die possimus to brek upe the scole.

That is very well done, and pokes fun at the poor defenseless dominies in brave style. The following is better; better in taste, better in sentiment. In truth, to me it is even pathetic in its refrain of Home, sweet, sweet Home :

THE DULCE DOMUM.

(Brëaking-up Song of School-boys at beginning of the Vacation.)

Concinamus, O Sodales,
 Eia ! quid silemus ?
 Nobile canticum,
 Dulce melos, DOMUM !
 Dulce DOMUM resonemus !

CHORUS.—Domum, domum, dulce domum !
Domum, domum, dulce domum !
Dulce, dulce, dulce domum !
Dulce domum resonemus !

Appropinquat ecce ! felix
Hora gaudiorum,
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

CHORUS.—Domum, etc.

Musa, libros mitte, fessa ;
Mitte pensa dura,
Mitte negotium,
Iam datur otium
Me mea mittito cura.

CHORUS.—Domum, etc.

Ridet annus, prata rident,
Nosque rideamus,
Iam repetit domum
Daulias advena
Nosque domum repetamus.

CHORUS.—Domum, etc.

Heus, Rogere, fer caballos ;
Eia ! nunc eamus,
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula
Suaviter et repetamus.

CHORUS.—Domum, etc.

Concinamus ad penates,
Vox et audiatur ;
Phosphore ! quid iubar
Segnius emicans
Gaudia nostra moratur ?—CHORUS.

Fancy to yourself half a score of genuine boys roaring out such a melody as that from their perch on the top of a stage-coach, at four o'clock of a summer morning ! Alas, we shall never witness the like again : never, never !

I had made a separate heading for the special likings and longings of boys ; but as I have already disposed incidentally more or less of all that could be ranged under that head, I shall not have to discourse upon the subject at any length now ; as that would be but going again over ground already sufficiently explored ; for I have already adverted to the passion for horses inherent in boys, as also their liking for dogs and other animals ; for the use of fire-arms ; their inclination toward a roaming life, whether of soldier, sailor, or showman ; and though I have not referred to their readiness to *run with the machine*, you can supply that part for

yourselves. Not much, therefore, remains to be noted here on the subject of the likings of boys. I can not, however, omit a remark as to boys' fondness for practical joking—a practice banned from the society of grown-up people. There is a spice of unfeelingness in practical jokes that makes them attractive to boys. They think it capital sport, for instance, to tie a dead rat to the end of a string, and then concealing themselves at some distance, to drag the rat, by pulling the other end of the string, as some one is passing along. This ingenious trick is of course practiced on moonlight evenings. The passer-by is expected to kick at the rat, and pursues it until his ears are greeted by the laughter of the boys.

Fashions change: so do amusements. I know not if the custom is still in vogue among boys in cities, of ringing the street-bell, or rapping the knockers of doors, and then running away. The cream of this joke was the annoyance caused servant-maids who answered the ring or knock. Another practical joke was to fill a hat or cap with

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stones, and have some unsuspecting one to kick it—at the expense of his toes. April-fool's day is the boy's saturnalia. Then he has full license for his bent in the direction of practical jokes, and he never fails to use it to the full. But enough of this aspect of boyhood. And now I fancy you are beginning to suspect me of a desire to dodge a topic which I have more than once referred to, and promised to treat in its own time and place—the virtues of boyhood. Well, the time has come at length, and I now approach the subject with all befitting diffidence, though with the honest intention of doing my best endeavor.

Some persons might think that I have a very arduous task before me, when I undertake to paint the graces and virtues of such destructive, vain, pugnacious, frolicksome, tricky, thoughtless, harum-scarum *ne'er-do-weels* as I have been describing; but let them wait a bit, and see. Again, it might be thought that one who do n't believe in *good boys*, and rather prefers the wild fellows, is n't precisely the artist to paint the goodness of boys: again,

wait a bit. Perhaps the difficulty in the case is rather an *embarras de richesses*—that boys have so many excellent and virtuous qualities that I shall not know which to select for full illustration. And, in truth, this is the case. Their stoical fortitude would require a chapter to itself. Their unselfish generosity, I would fain extoll in a separate discourse. Their openness and candor are simply above all praise. Their adherence to principle; their firmness in friendship; their scorn of betrayal; their impartial justice; their sturdy independence; their readiness to acknowledge their errors and faults; their quickness to forgive; their scorn of shams and hypocrisies :—in a word, I need but call the roll of all the qualities that most ennoble a man, or that we most admire in grown-up people, to prove that they are all inherent in boyhood. This being the case, then, if that old saying is still true, that the boy is father of the man, what a world of difference do we discover between the father and the son; for how rare in men is the

combination of all these virtues, and how frequent in boys!

And the great distinctive character, too, of all these virtuous qualities in boys, is their unquestionable genuineness. They are the outgrowth of their honest, candid natures; not appearances assumed with fraudulent intent. For boys are not naturally pharisees, nor are they hypocrites, though some boys, unfortunately, are trained to be pharisees and hypocrites, and—oh, horror!—*bigots*, by shallow parents and pedagogues; and the sins of the father are visited on the third and fourth generation. Of boys in general, it may be truly affirmed that their virtues are rather for use than for parade and show. They wear a rough exterior; but commonly this covers a genuine tenderness and gentleness of heart. See them at their games. How boisterous; how reckless! It looks as if the weak and the timid must go to the wall. But observe closely, and you will see that the stoutest boy is invariably the patron and protector of the weak.

The openness and candor of boys is worthy of note. If they despise a companion, on the ground that he is a coward, or a bully, or a tattler, or a liar, they don't put on a false cordiality of manner toward him, and shake hands with him, and call him, *My dear and valued friend*, as is the habit of polite society. No, they plump it out! They express in language that can not easily bear two meanings their opinion of one another honestly. They take others for what they are worth, and they are in turn willing to be weighed in the self-same balance themselves. Except among snob-boys, it makes no difference in the world how many hundreds or thousands of dollars a boy is born to: and position among them can not be bought; it must be deserved. Thus, the only aristocracy they recognize is the aristocracy of merit. They are, therefore, true aristocrats, in the right sense of the word: aristocracy meaning literally the rule of the best and most worthy. The deftest, the wiriest, the strongest, the most generous, the wittiest among them, these they respect; these become

their leaders, their rulers. Would that among grown-up men some such rule could be established. As it is, money gives rank among men; and that almost universally, in private life and in public life equally. To be sure, in the boys' aristocratic republic there is no little danger that the weak and the less self-reliant may be oppressed; but not to such a degree as the poor are oppressed in the grown-up people's plutocratic republic.

That most acute observer, Horace, has already read to grown-up men the same lesson I have just been giving:

Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex an puerorum
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert
Et maribus Curiis et decantata Camillis?

Only that, among boys, it is not alone in sport, but in dead earnest also that the recte-facientes—the deserving—attain to power.

In these days, when so much is said in favor of extending the franchise, I have often wondered why no advocate for boyhood has come forward. While engaged in getting the materials for this discourse

together, however, I learn from a newspaper that a move has been made in favor of boyhood suffrage from the age of eighteen to twenty-one. A journal has been started even in favor of the movement at Boston, and its name *The New Era*. It is claimed in favor of woman suffrage that this measure would add dignity to a political canvass—would introduce into political life an element of gentleness, fairness, and integrity which it so sadly requires. I claim the right of boys to vote for reasons equally sound. I desire to see the best men elected to the offices they are best fitted for: and who so keen to discern merit as boys, and who so ready fittingly to reward it? The honor of the flag is to be upheld at home and abroad: who so ready as our boys to encounter all dangers in its defense? Half measures and politic paltering and truckling they can not endure; therefore the boys are the boys to direct aright our foreign policy. The weak and the fallen foe must be treated with humanity and generosity: who so generous as the boy? If, therefore, all those classes they speak of are to be allowed to vote, then the

boys must also be admitted to all the rights of citizenship. Nor will we say that only boys of eighteen may vote. Our motto shall be: The right of suffrage for all boys from jacket-and-trowserhood up. Our flag is nailed to the mast-head, and there it shall float until the last of the demands of the boys are granted.

I fear some may think I am making out rather too strong a case for the boys. But I can't help it. When I reflect upon their splendid virtues, I can not but hail them as the *sanior pars populi*—the best and wisest part of the population. But I must go on with my descriptive catalogue of boys' virtues.

Boys at school have been known to engage in keen rivalry as to who should receive in the course of a year the largest number of floggings from the master. To whine or cry, when undergoing a castigation, is regarded as a weakness unworthy of a boy. To wince even when the stinging rattan is brought down sharply on the palm of the hand shows defective pluck. They train themselves to

undergo fatigue, and cold, and wet, and heat without a murmur, or a sign of discontent or weariness. It was the cardinal maxim of the Stoics that a wise or perfect man should hold himself superior and indifferent to fortune in all her phases. If she smiled, well; if she frowned, they were not to heed the whim of the fickle goddess. I will not claim for boys a stoic spirit with regard to the smiles of fortune. When she smiles, they laugh and dance with joy. In this they are children. In this they are genuine *porci de grege Epicuri*, Epicurean philosophers. But if fortune frowns upon them, they still preserve a stout heart, and dare her to do her worst. IMPAVIDOS FERIET. They are ready. They are Stoics.

They are generous, too, to a fault. Boys share with one another their little wealth with a liberality which, if practiced by grown-up people, would be censured as lavish squandering. They take blame upon themselves for one another; and one will generously endure the punishment that is really due to another, nor think he does an heroic thing.

They will never betray friend or foe ; they will never see a friend in straits without a manly effort to relieve him. They are lovers of fair play. They will never act as spies upon one another. They will never be tale-bearers. They acknowledge no obligation to respect what Mrs. Grundy says. They will do and say and think what they please ; and provided they are satisfied that such deeds and words and thoughts are true and right, they will stand by them, and, if need be, fight for them, no matter what the world or Mrs. Grundy may say. They are not double-tongued. What they say, that they mean. What they mean, that they say, without fear or flattery.

How true, then, that noteworthy dictum of some one of the ancients, *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia, i. e.*, Boys are worthy of all respect and reverence. Their singleness of purpose and candor—but I must not enumerate—in short, their virtues prove them to be far superior to their elders.

This is indeed but a rude and imperfect description of boyhood's nobler and better side ; but your

own observation will easily supply what is lacking in my hasty sketch.

Taking all these qualities of boys into consideration—the less amiable as well as the more admirable—I think it need not be a very difficult task to govern boys. Gain their confidence once, and then they are more docile and tractable than grown-up people. They have naturally implanted in them the germinal principles of the noblest, gentlest, and most heroic qualities ; and these will certainly unfold and develop themselves in time, if no sinister influence, if no rude or unskillful hand interfere to check their growth or to distort them.

Another remark, and I have done. The truly good boy is no sniffer—no hypocrite. Very frequently he is a boisterous, rollicking fellow, apparently caring more for a game of leap-frog or baseball than for all the sermons that ever were uttered, but there is a fund of seriousness in him for all that, and he has a heart large enough to supply hearts to a million of nosing canters and pharisees—and to spare.

There are yet some few traits of boy-character which I had intended to describe and illustrate in this discourse, but I could not very well fit them in anywhere hitherto. There were also some little anecdotes, illustrative of the acuteness of boys; their wonderful capacity for imitation and mimicry; their readiness to detect the weak side of one's character, and take advantage of it. But I dislike to treat such light themes now, after discoursing of the solid virtues of boys. No; I must really take leave of this very interesting subject of boys here. I hope we have not studied boys' character without some profit to ourselves.



CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.





II.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras?

THE existence of superstition is an argument for religion, as showing the native appetite of the mind toward another and a higher order of existence than that which is obvious to sense. From this, however, it does not follow that we may consider superstition as venial or as desirable, any more than it follows that remorse is desirable, from the fact that remorse demonstrates a conscience and a divine law. Here a

nice question is sometimes raised, whether superstition is preferable to blank infidelity, or *vice versa*; but as this question does not immediately concern the subject-matter of this discourse, it must not delay us. Suffice it to say, that both frames of mind, the superstitious and the incredulous, are about equally illogical and sinful, and both equally to be avoided. It is, however, worthy of note that superstition and infidelity are often found united in the same subject—the atheist being not unfrequently as diligent an observer of omens, dreams, portents, as the most credulous *spiritualist* of them all. *Ecce testimonium animi naturaliter credentis.*

When the light of divine revelation is extinguished; when the traditions of primitive religious truth have died out, and the idea of a God is obscured, defaced, or obliterated from the mind, then it may be said that any thing deserving the name of *religion* is no more to be found; and yet, strange to say, the substitute which succeeds is not atheism but superstition. It is demon-worship, fetichism, and adoration of every groveling, loathsome thing

in nature. The idea of a beneficent Creator is replaced by the image of hateful fiends. Then the half-imbruted savage, groping his way darkly amid the perils of life, fancies every obstacle he meets a giant in his path, every sound the mysterious voice of some concealed foe. He is astray in the world, with no light or guide of science or of revelation to direct him aright, or to banish his fears.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass.

He regards disease and death as the work of some demon who must be appeased. Famine and the devastation of fires, storms and whirlwinds, lightning and thunder, are all mighty demons, armed with unlimited power of mischief against him. The deeper the gloom of his ignorance, the more fearful the phantoms and horrid shapes he beholds ; and when death comes in, and he encounters that

Awful thought, a life removed—

then the whole world puts on a still gloomier shape, and horrors increase.

With the traditions of divine truth he lost the principles of natural truth, and, in consequence, those phenomena which appear to us as the orderly results of harmonious eternal laws, are to him only the arbitrary caprices of malevolent genii, who pursue him with unceasing hate. To appease the ire of these mortal foes by gifts, or to disarm them of their power by craft, becomes his sole care. The former is his only religion, the latter is his science. The highest form of his religion is but superstition, and his highest attainment in point of science is *astrology*, which is indeed only defective astronomy re-enforced by superstition.

ASTROLOGY

assumes to forecast the fate of nations and of individuals, and the changes in the elements, from the aspects of the heavenly bodies. It has acted an important part in the history of the human race. Peace and war used to depend upon the aspects of

the heavens ; and to this day millions and millions, perhaps even a fair majority of mankind, put faith in this most puerile science. You may find everywhere believers in comets as portents of wars and other great public calamities. As late as the time of Charles II, astrologers were publicly consulted in England with regard to affairs of state. In astrology, Mars in the ascendant portended war ; and if a man were born under Jupiter, that planet portended power to him. If one were born under Saturn, no fate could shorten his days, as that planet gives long life to those so fortunate as to be born under its sway. If Mars presided at one's nativity, that god of war infused into his soul the heroic spirit of the warrior. The Pleiades portended storms at sea ; and so of the rest of the heavenly host careering sublime through infinite space, like the gods of Epicurus, far remote from this little world of man, nor heeding his puny strifes, his vulgar prayers—visiting him neither in wrath nor yet in love, but serenely revolving in their own eternal courses.

In truth, since the names of the stars are purely arbitrary, and bestowed for convenience sake only; and since by different nations they are called by different names, noting qualities quite incompatible with each other, and mutually contradictory, what possible connection can there be between those heavenly spheres and the characters and the destinies of men? It does not change the nature of an ignoble beast to call him a lion; no more can our giving to the stars the names of mythical divinities endow them with omnipotence. In common language there are still remaining some faint traces of the once almost universal belief in astrology, as when we speak of being *born under a lucky star*, and of *blessing our stars*.

There is a grandeur in the vasty heavens, a majesty that might well attract the admiration and even the worship of man, when deprived of the guidance of truth. He well might be a god, the glorious orb of day; and Selene, the Moon, might well assert her claim to the title of goddess—incessu patet regina. But what shall we say of

PALMISTRY,

another blind attempt at piercing the veil of futurity, and acquiring a knowledge of those obscure events to come, which the Father hath placed in His own power? Palmistry pretends to divine future and contingent events by observation of the *palm* of the human hand. It is also called *chiro-mancy*, or the art of divining by the hand; and *chiromy*, or the science of the indications of the hand. The gypsies lay claim to the perfect knowledge of the art of palmistry. Not many months ago, a book was published in New York upon this subject, entitled *Modern Palmistry; or, the Book of the Hand*, by A. R. CRAIG, and the author there appears as the expounder and stout defender of this imposture.

In divination by palmistry, the furrows or creases in the palm of the hand, and the prominences on its surface are carefully scanned; and from the character of these, the disposition, temperament, character, and *fortune* of the person whose hand is examined are discovered. These lines or creases,

and these prominences have, for the purposes of palmistry, proper names assigned to them, precisely as the rivers and mountains of a country are named. Thus, the line which, commencing midway between the thumb and the forefinger, extends nearly or quite around to the base of the thumb, in the middle of the wrist, is called the *Line of Life*. The line just above the *line of life*, and which traverses the palm from side to side, is the *Line of the Head*. When this is straight and very distinct, it signifies sound judgment, strong mind. The *Line of the Heart* is just above the line of the head—the relative positions of these two lines being the reverse of those of heart and head *in rerum natura*. Then there are other lines in the palm, with their proper names duly assigned—the *Line of Saturn*, viz.: the short line that commences between the *index* and the *middle* finger, and ends at the line of the heart; the *Line of the Liver*, or the *Hepatic Line*, which rises from the wrist, near the line of life, and goes directly to the base of the *little* finger; the *Ring of Venus*, a

semicircular line, commencing between the *middle* and the *index* finger, and terminating between the *fourth* and *fifth*. Then there are the *mounts*, so called. The Mount of *Jupiter* is found under the *index* finger ; of *Saturn*, under the *middle* finger ; of *Apollo*, or of the *Sun*, under the *annular* finger ; of *Mercury*, under the *little* finger ; of *Mars*, under Mercury ; of the *Moon*, under Mars ; of *Venus*, which is the root of the thumb.

Having thus mapped out the hand, nothing can be easier than to tell fortunes. As thus : If the *Line of Life* is deep and very clearly defined—not branching off, not spreading, not growing indistinct as it traverses the palm—then be sure your life will be a long one ; only, you must not have, on the Mount of Jupiter, which is the mountain connecting the promontory of the forefinger with the mainland, or main-hand—(I must define my terms nicely when treating of this most profound science of palmistry, else I should never be understood ; though, truth to tell, I lay not much claim to understanding of it, and should make but a very indifferent

fortune-teller in the palmistry line). What I was going to say, however, when I made this digression, was this, that your line of life being deep and well defined, and not branching, you have a long lease of life, *provided* that, up the precipitous side of Mount Jupiter, you see not the noxious weed, consumption; in which case, of course, the other indication is of no use, and your lease is vitiated. But even though all be serene upon Mount Jupiter it would slightly interfere with the brightness of one's prospects, if, upon the summit of Mount Mercury, he perceived the gallows-tree. In such a case, the line of life would be fatally negatived, and the line with a nooze, the veritable line of death, would prevail. From all this, it would seem plain that palmistry is not quite as certain a science as arithmetic, or even as political economy.

Whoever is so happy as to have dabbled in this grand science of chiromancy, must have been often struck with admiration for the harmonious system of compromises it embraces. Thus, I read your hand, and find that you have been eminently

fortunate in all your undertakings ; for your line of the head almost *cuts in two Mount Jupiter*—the best sign of good fortune imaginable ! But you tell me I am mistaken ; that, in fact, you never are successful in any thing you undertake. Ah ! then, I must search farther, and I shall probably find that the line of the head has been modified by its relation to some of the other mountains, or of the other lines. So unerring are the signs of character and fortune found in the hand ! Lines and mounts, like figures, won't lie ! And thus the compromise is effected, and the truth of the noble science stands unimpeached.

But, though discrepancies existing between stubborn facts, on the one side, and the indications of the hand, on the other, are thus smoothed away, there happens to be a slight difficulty of another kind, which, I fear me, will ever be a hinderance to the success of this and the cognate arts of magic and astrology. It is this, that whereas fortune-tellers, astrologers, magicians, clairvoyants, *et id omne genus*, foresee the future so plainly, yet they

are caught unawares in a storm, unprovided with umbrella or great-coat, quite as often as the rest of us, who are not so gifted. And though they have the key which unlocks untold treasures, yet they are as poor, to all appearance, as common people. Whilst this continues to be the case, those gifted men must not complain if we speak of them still as "three-penny prophets who undertake the telling of other folks' *fortunes* merely to supply the pinching necessities of their own."

The dead are aroused from their slumbers by

NECROMANCY.

This art was practiced in the earliest times, men being loath to confess that death was the end of love and friendship; so they would fain have it that their loved ones departed could revisit the glimpses of the moon, and again hold sweet communion with those they held dear while living on earth.

This power of summoning up the shades, magicians have claimed to possess at all times and in every clime; perhaps it was the first of all magical arts.

And surely a dread power it was, if ever mortal man possessed it. It is the belief of not a few in our day, that the dead may, and frequently do, revisit these scenes, and hold communion, in intelligible language, with the living. Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer of Poughkeepsie, has written massy volumes of massy or hazy *ology* of some kind, concerning these communications, pretending to philosophize upon his pretended phenomena, and to evolve a *theology* or *harmoniology* out of them that is to supersede Christianity at no distant day!

From time to time there are put forth communications purporting to be direct from the spirit land, and dictated by the shade of Ben Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, and other worthies. If we are to judge of the identity of the spirits by the style of those compositions, we should be inclined to disbelieve the *mediums*, or even to suspect that not alone their nimble fingers indited those messages from beyond the grave, but that in their shilly-shally brains originated the very *thoughts* (!) of them. Perhaps the company those honored shades—

owing to some judgment no doubt—are now forced to keep, has quite distracted their minds and vitiated their style of English. Wonder if the same cause has affected their pronunciation! Wonder if those once great men now whine through the nose, as do the *mediums* and the long-haired fraternity generally!

Truly, if Ben Franklin, who once wrote English undefiled, is now, by association with *mediums*, debased to solecisms and vulgarisms—what a solemn warning is it to the rest of us to be choice of our company!

MAGIC.

Egypt is the cradle and home of superstition; but Persia, Chaldea, and Greece, with their magic and their mysteries, early proved formidable rivals. The heavenly spheres act an important part in the magic art, by their occult forces shaping human destiny, and exerting an unbounded influence on all things terrestrial. If one can control this power of the stars, this *primum mobile*, this *astral light*,

as it is called in magical treatises, one becomes almost omnipotent: he is an oracle of wisdom: he is king of kings; and he can change the basest of metal into pure gold. The magician who is admitted into the *arcana* of his art, is not subject to the same conditions and laws as the *herd of mankind*. He can annihilate space and time at his pleasure. He can make himself invisible, or assume any shape of man, or beast, or inanimate thing, at will. The past and the future he reads as in a book spread open before his eyes. He has all the forces of nature under his absolute command.

Some traces of the old-time magician are still to be found, principally among the class of itinerant quacks, who make such noisy professions of their miraculous powers, but whose performances so invariably fail to effect any good whatsoever for the duped patient. Is it not wonderful, the gullibility of human nature? One of these quacks adopted, in the staid city of Philadelphia, this curious mode of bringing himself into public notice: he drove a wagon, bearing a placard, inscribed—

DR. —, KING OF PAIN, whilst a diminutive darky at his side ground melodious strains out of a hurdy-gurdy.

CLAIRVOYANCE

pretends to the power of divining your most secret thoughts, and of seeing clearly (hence the name) what else is hidden from mortal ken. Occurrences taking place at the most remote distances from the *clairvoyant* subject, she (for it is always a she, some weak, impressionable girl) can perceive, as if they came under her gaze, and were actually present to her sight. She can read the contents of a letter, it is asserted, though it be inclosed in an envelope ; and can at will visit any required spot on earth, though it were at the antipodes ; or go back to any desired point of time in the past, and witness the events then and there occurring.

Once, at least, a clairvoyant woman was examined as a witness in a court of justice, on a murder trial ; and this took place, not in Judge Ed-

monds' court in New York, but (and alas for the stability of British customs) in England, where, of all the world, we should least have expected it.

The mesmerized clairvoyant need not use his ears in order to hear, for he can hear quite as well with his eyes; nor his eyes in order to see, for he can see quite as well from the pit of his stomach. If the brain-pan of clairvoyant subjects is as migratory as their organs of sense, I see no reason why it should hurt them in the least (except for the looks of the thing) if one were to decapitate them. Who knows but that, like ground-worms, which may be cut in pieces without serious injury, the clairvoyant's headless trunk could, in a short time, sprout forth another brain-pan and head; and that, meanwhile, a *foot* would make a serviceable and sensible enough head for him, until the jury-head should be fully developed?

PHRENOLOGY

is a superstitious practice, or so-called science, though some of the principles on which it is based

are undoubtedly true. In point of certitude phrenology may be ranked equal with its noble sister-science, palmistry. Like the latter, it has a truly wonderful system of counterbalances and compromises; and the two sciences have the same broad and liberal terms for all who apply to them for an oracle: *You pay your money, and you take your choice!*

Phrenology professes to divine the character and whole life-course of a man from the conformation of his skull. If a man has a protuberance or bump back of his ear, he is naturally a fore-ordained bruiser; though gentlemen who follow the bruising business have so many bumps, the result of thumps received in the practice of their profession, that the difficulty in the search after bumps in their case is, not to find those interesting eminences, but a plane surface.

An eminent professor of this prodigious science of phrenology (whose advertisement is in all the papers) was once consulted by two friends of mine. One of them was made happy by the

kind professor, with the assurance that he was possessed of talents of a very high order, and that he was admirably adapted to succeed in a certain walk of life, which, as chance would have it, was the pursuit my friend is actually engaged in! The other got no such comfortable assurance, being told that he lived in the *lower story of his nature*—whatever that may mean. I believe, however, he had the learned professor to take a new observation, and to reverse the immutable decrees of fate, by the payment of an extra fee. So both my friends got from the professor their *life-charts* for a consideration, and went their way rejoicing. Then, making their way down to Barnum's Museum, they consulted another oracle of fate there, in the phrenological line also—a fat woman, I believe, who used to live in a little den on the second floor. She read their fates quite differently from the complaisant professor higher up town. Nothing had she to say about wonderful adaptability of either of my friends for any thing good, but much about lower stories. In a word, she would not

allow that they were a bit better than they ought to be; and, worst of all, her fate decrees were absolutely irreversible. Lest, by going further, they should fare worse, the two consulters of oracles paid their scot like men, and have not applied to a fortune-teller from that day to this.

Here it may not be out of place to remark, that the business of phrenological fortune-telling pays quite as well as the making and selling of hot cakes, as no hot cakes vanish more rapidly than the life-charts and writings of phrenologists are sold. Doubtless, the profound professors of this eminent science pronounce devoutly, every day of their lives, at morn and at dewy eve, that pious ejaculation of a great philosopher, Josh Billings: "*Heaven be praised for the fools, for without them half the wise men would starve!*"

THE GYPSIES

(the name supposed to be a corruption of *Ægyptii*, *Egyptians*) pretend to be possessed of all occult science of magic and divination, and, even in our

wide-awake, newspaper-reading times, they contrive to live in part on the superstitious weaknesses of their dupes. These vagabonds are found in every land, and they are every-where the same; are engaged every-where in the same pursuits; every-where are followed by the same bad reputation; every-where *lewd fellows*, horse-thieves, and chicken-thieves, and general snatchers-up of unconsidered trifles, fortune-tellers and necromancers, practical atheists. But, wherever they camp, they are sure to find a plenty of credulous dupes to be deluded by their impudent impostures.

A wealthy farmer in Ohio wanted to grow rich faster than the natural increase of his herds and flocks would enrich him; so he gave ear to the voice of the charmer in the person of an old gypsy queen. (The rogues! they well know that snob-berry is native in every human breast, and that stern, honest republicans as we Americans undoubtedly are, still, we have infinite respect for the style of majesty and aristocracy. *Hinc tot illæ reginæ*: 'tis therefore they have so many kings and

queens among them—heaven save the mark!—kings and queens that have scarce as big a following as a German princeling of twenty acres' domain, and an army of five men on a war footing.) Well, this dread sovereign, this deluding gypsy queen, obtained all the farmer's ready cash, and, making believe to tie it up in a handkerchief—the while she secretly conveyed it to her own pocket—she bade the bucolic lay the packet aside in a safe place, never opening it until a certain day, when he was certain to find the sum miraculously increased an hundred fold at the least. His good fortune was so astounding, that he will not speak to his neighbors now—at least about gypsies.

It is generally supposed that gypsies have no religious belief or practice whatever. It is even asserted that in their jargon of a language there is no word signifying the Supreme Being. The Spaniards, so noted for the number and aptness of their proverbial expressions, tell us, in accounting for the lack of religion among these vagrants, that “the gypsies' god was made of butter, and the sun *melted*

him." But if they have no religion, properly so called, they have superstitions in abundance, for their own use and for the benefit of the rest of the world.

The gypsies have other industries besides diddling avaricious farmers out of their savings. They are said to do a little in the horse-stealing line, and live economically upon furtive chickens. They are unsurpassed in fortune-telling by palmistry; and their wheedling flattery is, to this day, as potent as ever to entice the shilling out of the bashful lassie's purse, when she would know whom she is to marry, and how soon. They can without fail recover things lost, and often they have not to go outside of their own camp to find them. They can indicate the spot where some miserly old curmudgeon buried his treasure long ago. They are unsurpassed in their knowledge of simples and medicinal herbs. They are skillful cow-doctors and horse-doctors. In a word, they resort to manifold contrivances to support the royal state of their venerated sovereigns; and for this purpose they are ready to lay all under tribute, young and old alike, men and women.

THE INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN.

The noble red man also lays some of us pale-faces under tribute to support *his* grand style, when he appears among us under the guise of a medicine-man. Out on the far Western plains he seeks to inspire his white brethren with a proper respect for the aboriginal character by the shrillness of his war-whoop and the loudness of his war-paint; but when he condescends to act as a healer, then his war-whoop is for the benefit of the evil spirits that hold the sick man enthralled by their spells. It is truly an edifying sight to behold the Indian doctor running about the room of the patient and under the bed, climbing the bed-posts, and performing his various antics, barking and howling the while like a dog or like a wolf. The Indian doctor finds his account in the exercise of his wonderful art, and he can easily make a fortune by it in a brief space, wherever there are dupes enough to be found to fall into his net, viz., everywhere.

THE SEVENTH DAUGHTER OF A SEVENTH

is invariably a seeress, while the seventh son is "the DOCTOR" from birth. The newspapers do not very often inform us concerning the wonderful powers of seventh sons; but seventh daughters take right good care that no bushel of obscurity shall conceal the splendor of their gifts; and I give them and all others engaged in similar lines of business—gypsies, Indian doctors, animal magnetists, jugglers, humbugs and impostors of every name—this extended notice, free of cost, so that all men may know where to find relief in sickness and comfort in adversity, and where they may have their fortunes infallibly told.

IL EST NE COIFFE.

If an infant is born with a *coif* or *caul*, it is considered a very fortunate circumstance. Such an one is marked by the Fates to be a highly-gifted person. The child *can not* die prematurely; furthermore, it can never be drowned, *provided* the

caul is preserved and is carried about the person. If it is given or sold to another, the wondrous virtues of the integument pass over to that other, leaving its first protégé subject to all the ordinary accidents of life! In a London newspaper of the last quarter of the past century somebody advertises a coif for sale, invaluable for gentlemen of the navy and others making voyages at sea. The price was not exorbitant, taking into account the current rates of the assurance companies. It was only twenty guineas. Again, in 1813, a caul was announced for sale, price £12. In 1848, you might have got for six guineas a coif *that had been afloat for thirty years*, and yet I fear there was no need to warn purchasers not *all to speak out at once*. The fact is, cauls were beginning to be an unprofitable drug on the market.

VENTRILLOQUISM

was once one of the magical arts. The use of it was expressly forbidden the Israelites. Their neighbors, the Phœnicians, as also the Greeks, practiced

it extensively. This superstition was supposed to call forth from within the magician's person the voice of his familiar spirit. It took its rise either in Egypt, cradle of all dark mysteries, or in India.

FORTUNES TOLD BY A LOCK OF HAIR.

How fortunes are told by means of a lock of hair, I am sorry to have to confess that I can not inform you; but if you have a dollar to spare—ladies fifty cents—look up Madam Draskowski's or Madam Bluskinini's advertisement in the papers; then remit the fee to the lady, together with a lock of your hair—(N. B., your own hair)—and you will receive in return a full and particular account of what is in store for you in the dim future; and could any thing be more reasonable than that? Nay, more—and oh! what a precious boon, what a priceless treasure it is!—these wondrous seeresses can furnish the inquiring youth of either sex—ladies again half price—with a true and faithful likeness of their future wife or husband, as the case may be. This fact alone were enough to demon-

strate the stupendous advancement of our age beyond all the ages that preceded it. May we not almost say that we have now reached the Ultima Thule of progress when we see these things? They of old could summon the dead, who appeared in shadowy forms, like moonbeams, and then immediately vanished, leaving no trace of their presence. But in our days expectant maids may not alone behold *the coming man* casting his shadow, but they may have his likeness taken by supernatural photography; and this picture, like any photograph taken by merely human processes, can be set in a locket. O consolation ineffable! The gifted Madam D—— or B—— is so very considerate as to explain to us, the public, that those wonderful pictures are taken by means of a most powerful instrument! Powerful indeed! Why, nothing less than a billion million duplicating power camera could presume to do the thing, seeing that what is required is the likeness, not of actual persons present, but an accurate and life-like picture of the vague ideal of a girl's dreams, clothed with the substantial aspect of a living man.

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

The scene is familiar to every student of ghost lore :

'T was midnight—all was slumber; the lone light
Dimmed in the lamp, as loath to break the night.
Hark ! there be sounds without the hall;
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call !
A loud, long shriek—and silence.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, relates how the mansion of that pleasant imaginary character, Sir Roger de Coverley, was gradually contracted in its proportions, one chamber after another being condemned as haunted by ghosts, and therefore locked up and abandoned. The brave knight ordered all the apartments to be thrown open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in one room after another, and so dissipated the fears of the family. There is an exquisite touch of humor in this representing the knight as having had this ticklish business done *by the chaplain*. The essayist then makes some general observations on the subject of haunted houses, and says, to his mind a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres appears

much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. He adds: "Could I not give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I can not distrust in other matters of fact."

Ghosts play a conspicuous part in popular supernaturalism every-where. How oft has the blood run cold as we listened, seated by the cheery fireside in the winter nights of the time gone by, (*temp.* open fire-places,) to fearful stories of ghosts that revisited their former abodes, their pallid apparitions amid the revels of the banqueting-hall banishing all joy, and inspiring the gay company with dread. How true to life is the picture of the old crone reciting

. tales

 of shapes that walk

At dead of night, and clank their chains and wave
 The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.

At every solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless and congealed
With shivering sighs : till, eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

Even admitting the cogency of Addison's reasoning, already adduced, we may easily (without incurring the blame of excessive incredulousness) account for at least ninety-nine hundredths of the ghostly apparitions that are hawked about, by bearing in mind the influence that such scenes as this must exert on the trusting mind of childhood.

Yet it is unaccountable that ghosts should be considered objects of fear, whereas they are not supposed always, or even generally, to come back to earth with malevolent intent, and to molest, but to be near those they loved. It were not easy to say why we have such dread of the shades of the dear departed; or why we must screw up our courage, if we have to pass a graveyard at the hour when the ghosts make their rounds. The poet has no such unreasonable fear of ghostly apparitions of the dead. He invokes the spirit of his deceased

friend to visit him, nor doubts he in the least but that the shades oftentimes come to haunt their former abodes.

Dare I say

No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walked, when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the spirit himself, may come
When all the nerve of sense is numb:
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range,
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My ghost may feel that thine is near.
.
How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead?

If a house has been the scene of a mysterious murder, it is certain to be haunted by the ghost

of the deceased. If a door creaks, 't is the spirits !
If the rats give a social party behind the wainscot-
ing, or range the cupboards, foraging, ghosts are
in the house ! 'T is a haunted house !

VAMPIRES AND GHOULS.

What fearful associations are connected with the
vampires and ghouls of the orient. Vampires are
persons "who have been dead a considerable time,
sometimes more, sometimes less, who have their
tombs and come and disturb the living
sucking their blood, and often causing their death."
(*Dom. Calmet ap. New Amer. Encyc. s. v.*) Those
hyena-like monsters of Persian and Arabian fable,
the ghouls, whose very name is of evil-omen,
preyed upon the bodies of the dead, which they
clawed out of their graves.

SECOND-SIGHT AND DOUBLES.

The belief in the gift of second-sight, as dis-
tinguished from mesmeric clairvoyance, and in
doubles, is principally confined to the Highlands of

Scotland. It is claimed that the seers gifted with the faculty of *second-sight* can, when in seeing mood, perceive distant and future events, as if actually present. *Doubles* are supernatural personages, perfect copies of them whose doubles or counterparts they are. These inconvenient shadows often bring their originals or principals into much trouble by performing many elvish tricks, and having them charged to the credit (or *discredit*) of their principals, whose exact copy they are, as has already been said.

I am more than half inclined to suspect, however, that the Highland uisquebagh, or mountain dew, which is the familiar nectar of the upland Scot, has much to answer for in this matter of *doubles*. This much, at least, is beyond controversy, that the famous beverage in question bestows upon the eyes the faculty of double vision; *item*, it deprives a man, somehow, of his identity of mind and character, so that, when he recovers from the effects of the uisquebagh, he can in truth say:

I was not myself at all!

It was his whisky double that was guilty of those outrages that are most unfairly charged upon him, while he himself was beyond himself—absent, wandering incognito, *disguised*, as you would say.

THE BANSHEE

is a preternatural apparition of a wailing woman, got up regardless of expense, for the special benefit of private funeral parties in certain princely families among the Irish tribes. The banshee's cry is heard, first, by way of premonition of death about to occur in the family, and her musical strains are heard, high sounding above the women's wail, or caoine, in the wake-house. The Scottish clans also believe in the banshee, or benshee—or, rather, did, as we are all, Irish and Scotch alike, fast outgrowing these fanciful beliefs of our forefathers.

DREAMS.

The subject of dreams affords much matter for curious study to the philosophic inquirer. It would be temerity to say that dreams are never

prophetic. Not to speak here of the prophetic dreams recorded in holy writ, there furthermore stands in favor of the really prophetic character of some dreams the experience of all mankind. Homer says that dreams are from Zeus. Cæsar's wife had a dream the night before his assassination, in which she saw her lord meeting with a violent death. Yet these are exceptional cases beyond a doubt. As a general rule, dreams are retrospective—reproducing, generally in a kind of kaleidoscopic order, with a truly kaleidoscopic changefulness, the thoughts and impressions of the hours of wakefulness that preceded sleep. It so happened that, early on a certain day, I saw a shoemaker “constructing” a remarkably high pair of heels for boots. That same day, at night, I had occasion to search for a carriage wrench. - During sleep these two things came up together in a dream, in such shape that the man for whom I sought the wrench was made to present me with an awl, the handle of which was made of leather, after the manner of a boot-heel.

For the benefit of any person who should be minded to lay stress upon dreams, I will give a part of the prospectus of an *oneiro-critic*, or interpreter of dreams, which I find in the Spectator:

“For want of an oneiro-critic there are several good people who are very much puzzled, and dream a whole year together *without being ever the wiser for it*. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied, by *candle-light*, all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great-uncle, *by my wife’s side*, was a Scotch Highlander, and second-sighted. *I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand*, and *was born on the longest night in the year*. My Christian and surname *begin and end with the same letters*. (1) I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that, for these fifty years, has been always tenanted by a conjuror!”

A STRANGE TALE.

A ship was once sailing from Liverpool to New York, and, when she had reached midway in her

course, her captain, happening to enter his cabin, was surprised at beholding a man in the act of leaving the apartment, and disappearing through the mate's cabin adjoining. Thinking it was the mate, he took no notice of the occurrence just then, but, happening to take up the slate which lay on his table, he was astonished at finding written upon it: *Steer to the N. W.* Then he summoned the mate and asked him what it meant. But the mate denied having written the words, or having been in the cabin at the time. All the men were questioned in like manner, but none could account for the writing on the slate. The captain even had the mate and such of the men as could write, to put down on the slate, the words *Steer to the N. W.* But there was not the faintest resemblance between their writing and that which had been found on the slate. Then the captain ordered the ship's course to be directed to the point indicated, and, strange to relate, soon there hove in sight a vessel giving signals of distress. On coming up with her, the first person descried

on her deck was a man whom the captain recognized as the one he had seen leaving his cabin. All these circumstances *are said* to be vouched for by very respectable witnesses.

A TALE OF HORROR.

There appeared a very curious tale of horror in the Cincinnati *Commercial* (newspaper) some three or four years ago. It purported to be copied out of some Indiana journal of the year 1852. It was the case of a deceased wife coming back from the grave after several days' interment, and, according to a promise, or threat, previously made to her husband, visiting him in his sick chamber. The corpse entered the room, and, bidding him take notice that she was *as good as her word*, the form dropped down, *all of a heap* upon the floor, a fearful sight. Appended to this narrative (which was skillfully told, and which, if not *vero*, was certainly *ben trovato*) were what *purported to be* the affidavits of several persons, *said to be* well-known citizens of the place; and they all, in the most absolute

manner, confirmed the circumstances I have here narrated, and many others besides equally extraordinary.

"GIVING UP THE GHOST."

In some places it is supposed, that opening the doors and windows of the room where a person lies expiring, shortens the agony of the dying person, by allowing free egress to the departing spirit.

ANECDOTE OF PAGANINI.

The world-renowned violinist, Paganini, when his mother was at the last gasp, "had one end of a tube inserted into her mouth, and the other into the hollow part of his violin ; that her last breath, as she gave up the ghost, might pass into the darling instrument, and her spirit, thus imprisoned, might ever after inspire his strains.

The belief in

METEMPSYCHOSIS,

or the transmigration of souls from one body into another, is widely extended throughout the Orient.

This fancy supposed that the souls of men who had offended heaven while inhabiting one body, were placed successively in other bodies of men, or even of animals, until divine justice was appeased.

THE DIVINING-ROD

"is a forked, slender stick of witch-hazel. One branch of the twig is taken in each hand, between the thumb and forefinger, the two ends pointing down." To this instrument is attributed the power of indicating the place of concealed water, metals, and boundaries, as of fields, etc. This practice the Greeks called rhabdomancy, which means rod-divination. This superstition is of very ancient use. When the diviner, with rod in hand, stands over the site of that which is sought for, then the end of the twig dips down toward the ground. Practicers of this art are to be found yet throughout the United States; and in some districts nobody ever thinks of digging a well without first

having availed himself of the science of the divining-rod-man.

BIBLE LOTS

(Sortes Virgilianæ), or divination by the Holy Scriptures, was once in great vogue, and, no doubt, has some followers yet. It is practiced by opening the Bible at hazard, and taking the first passage there offered as decisive of a question proposed. Thus are the most sacred things profaned by superstitious use. About the same time when *this* use of the Bible was in vogue, persons were wont to fan the brow of the fever-patient with the leaves of the Bible, supposing that the wind raised by so holy a book could not fail to refresh the sufferer. The Chinese are superstitious enough in their way; but it is not a superstitious, but only a profane use they put the leaves of the Bible to, when they work them up into shoe-soles. They excuse themselves by saying that 't is the cheapest paper to be had on either side the Great Wall, as it can be got for the taking of it, without so much as a *thank'ee*.

OMENS.

An omen is any chance occurrence that is taken as a presage of the future. Thus, if one finds, on first going out in the morning, a piece of iron, especially a horse-shoe, then he is sure to be in luck that day; for finding iron is a good omen. Still I think that if a man were to find a sizable nugget of gold, whether in the morning or in the evening, or even at night, he would be in far better luck. Indeed, it is hard to say why our forefathers, when they made this superstitious observation, chose iron in preference to other substances. Perhaps this superstition took its rise in that Iron Age the poets sing of.

When the bride and bridegroom are leaving the church after the nuptial blessing, care must be taken that they make their exit through the outer doorway precisely together—unless, indeed, one or other of them desires that divorce which in Holy Church is alone absolute, the divorce of death; for, say the superstitious, if the couple go not out to-

gether, that one who first steps out will die first! This observance is still in vogue, they say.

Indeed, they are grievously mistaken who think that superstition has quite died out. I am quite sure that medicinal herbs are still gathered when the moon waxes, not when she wanes, as they are supposed to possess no healing virtues in the latter case. What would you think of a person cutting off the hair of the head short at the new moon, so that, when the moon is full, the hair may have grown? Yet you may anywhere find persons who believe this. But though there is much superstition in this observing of the moon's phases, there is beyond a doubt some connection between that planet and sublunary things: for the moon governs the tides; and the moon, in her changes, brings changes of weather. From a false induction it was once supposed that a certain class of unfortunates, called lunatics, were affected in their mental condition by the changes of the moon; hence the name we give them, lunatics, *lunatici*, from *luna*, the moon.

RATS DESERTING A SHIP A BAD OMEN.

If you are to go on a sea-voyage, then should you perceive any unusual commotion among the rats, and a disposition to abandon the vessel, lay not the flattering unction to your soul that all is well ; that your provisions will not be plundered by those marauders, nor your sleep broken as they career through the ship. Silly man that you are ; that ship is certain to go down during this voyage, if she attempts to put to sea ; and those crafty old salts, the rats, are deserting her, their shipping-articles not binding them to go to sea in a crazy ship. No seaman in his right senses (*i. e.*, sober) would think of making a voyage to sea in a vessel marked for destruction by so infallible a sign as that of the rats leaving ; so Jack must be made drunk first, and then bundled aboard. I wonder if underwriters notice the movements of nautical rats ? I wonder if the courts of law and equity would sustain a company that should repudiate the insurance policy of a wrecked ship on the ground

that she put to sea against the protest of her rodent crew?

OMINOUS DAYS.

Sailors do not like to leave port on a Friday, that being an ill-omened and inauspicious day for beginning a sea-voyage; and persons who never have smelt sea-water share in the same belief with regard to commencing journeys, or *moving*, or making a beginning on any work on Friday. The most lucky day, according to nautical authorities, for commencing a voyage, is Sunday. Some ancient seer has written: "Sunday's thundre should brynge the death of learned men, judges, and others; Monday's, the death of women; Wednesday's, plenty of grayne," etc.

TAILOR'S BLUE MONDAY.

Time was when you could as easily induce a sailor to go to sea on a Friday as get a tailor to work on a Monday, *blue* Monday, as he used to call it. Poor Snip used to try hard enough from Saturday till Monday to drown in liquor the evil blue demons that hindered him from his work, but

all to no purpose; there they were sure to be in waiting for him, all in ultramarine, like charity-boys, on Monday morning. And he had no resource left but to take to his darling bottle again, poor fellow! But that was in the good old times; and a great change has taken place since. Taking a hint, doubtless, from the conduct of that jolly monk, Martin Luther, who once put the old boy in black to flight by throwing a bottle of ink at him, Snip now finds that *his* blue devils are routed by throwing his whisky bottle at them. The experiment is worth trying against the blue devils that pester and beset others besides tailors.

TRANSFERRING CATS OMINOUS.

When you move from one house to another, take good care that no member of your household bring the domestic cat to your new abode. Unheard-of ills would surely attend the rash act. It is one of the most terrible omens in the whole range of preternaturalism! However, if Tabitha or Thomas, of his or her own motion and free accord, emigrate

with you to your new quarters, the case is different ; indeed, then I believe the omen is changed from bad to good ; and your house will be blessed to the third generation and to the fourth. *Moral*—Be kind to Tab and Tom, and train them early to following you about.

PIGEONS OMINOUS.

It is an observation of those who have bestowed deep study upon the question of omens, that pigeons are unlucky about a house. I believe, however, that pigeons of a fancy kind, and kept for sporting purposes, *not* those kept to make pigeon-pie out of, are meant when the authorities declare pigeons unlucky birds, and of evil omen. I have never heard of any harm coming from the innocent pigeon-pie-pigeons ; but I have heard many evil auguries pronounced in regard to the fancy varieties—tumblers, trumpeters, carriers, and the rest.

A GOOD OMEN.

When General Rousseau and the Russian commissioners were consummating the transfer of icy

Alaska to the Government of the United States, the order of the ceremonial required the lowering of the Russian flag. It was marked as an evil omen that the bunting did not descend gracefully, but that, being seized by a sudden gust, it was entangled in the halyards, and, in the effort to bring it down, it was rent in twain, and a portion was carried off by the winds. The Russian officials, it was noticed, were blue over the ill-boding omen; while the United States officers were elated in turn, as they beheld the flag of their country run up the flag-staff, without halt or check, like a tongue of fire. Now you will say there is still a good deal of the old Adam, after all, left in most men. One does not like to admit of himself, that in a like conjuncture, he would have had the same feelings as those Russian and American officials.

THE FALLING OF A LOOKING-GLASS

is taken as a presage of approaching death to some member of the family. The Emperor Napoleon I was a firm believer in this omen. During one of

his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. He never rested till the return of the courier he forthwith dispatched to assure himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind! The best safeguard against this omen—better than the cunningest talisman ever devised—is: Hang your looking-glass with wire on a strong peg!

RIGHT AND LEFT: DEXTER, SINISTER.

Great significance used to be attached to the difference between right and left hands. The Greeks had such a dread of the evil omen signified by the left hand, that they used to studiously avoid using the word equivalent to *left* at all, and for this purpose employed an euphemism, calling that hand the better hand—just as you hear persons say *good people*, when they mean *fairies*, for fear of provoking the ire of those liliputians by calling them so low a name as *fairies*. It is owing to a similar superstition that almost every body, in certain circumstances, avoids the mention of *death*, employing

a periphrasis. Thus we say: I think the patient is very sick: best send for his friends, *lest something* should happen; meaning, *lest he should die*. The Cape of Good Hope has a *lucky* name, substituted, if I mistake not, for an ill-omened one. The Romans changed the name of a port from Maleventum (which, in their ears, sounded as *ill-come* would sound in ours) into Beneventum (somewhat like *well-come*), on account of the evil-omen contained in the original name.

HOWLING DOGS OMINOUS.

Does not the howling of dogs make you apprehensive of evil, in spite of your better judgment? Dogs are supposed to utter their truly plaintive howl when a death is about to occur among their master's household, or among his near friends.

Have you never been kept awake and nervous by the mysterious DEATH TICK?

Can you behold a COMET with the same unconcern as any other celestial phenomenon?

There are but few whose nerves are quite as

steady at the midnight hour, in solitude, as at mid-day.

There are even persons who are afraid of the vision of a red-haired woman, especially if she should be the first person they see on going out in the morning. But this omen is happily to be no longer an omen of evil, at least for some time. I see in the papers that the hair is worn red now in Paris society.

If a light be taken from a house on New Year's Day, there will surely be a death in that house during the year!

An old weather prognostic runs thus: "So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas day, so many floods after."

St. Augustine informs us that the ancients were wont to go to bed again, if they sneezed when they put on their shoes.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.

Does it not really seem as if some persons were lucky, others unlucky? Some persons, whatever

they turn their hand to, are successful, and all they touch becomes gold; while others, without any assignable reason, are ever struggling, but ever failing. If their own management is prosperous, others' mismanagement will ruin them; and what the fire spares the water will surely sweep away.

NUMBERS.

Numero Deus impare gaudet;

so says Virgil, and we have—

There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More.

Therefore, néver set a hen upon an odd number of eggs, or—your horse will surely die!

What amazing studies into the mystic significance of numbers the writers of the old Gnostic sects made in the early ages of Christianity! Looking at a bit of one of their writings is like looking at a page of an algebra-book—the most bewildering page that can be conceived for the uninitiated. Their dyads and triads and quaternions, and thousand and one other schemes and

combinations, with their powers and convolutions, are enough to puzzle all the philosophers, or to people a dozen bedlams.

Among the ancients there were

LUCKY NUMBERS OF GUESTS AT A BANQUET,

and, if the lucky number was not present, guests must be got anyhow, to make up the auspicious complement.

If you propose to take a chance in the lottery, perhaps you would select any number at hazard. Thou fool! Science, the profound and venerable SCIENCE OF NUMBERS, would furnish you with the winning number. "*You can't master that difficult science?*" Why, of course not; but no more have you mastered navigation, and still you go to sea with perfect confidence—another governing the ship for you. In like manner Mr. or Madam, who advertises in the papers, is an adept in the science of numbers, and offers you his or her valuable services, and that at the ridiculously low price of one

dollar, ladies half-price. These eminent professors have practiced their art thirty or forty years, and they have never once failed to indicate the number of the grand prize of the Grand Kentucky, or Royal Grand Havana Lottery!

But I must return for a short space to the subject of

OMENS AGAIN.

If, on entering a house, you should chance to step with the *left* foot upon the threshold, you must go back a few paces and try it again. It is unlucky and disastrous to enter a house in that way!

MORE ABOUT DEXTER AND SINISTER.

Whether thunder proceeds from the right or from the left, used, once upon a time, to make a world of difference; and, as you journey along the road, if a raven utters his croak from his perch upon some tree to the left of you, 't were better for you to turn back. In taking their *auguries*, too,

the Romans used to attach prosperous or adverse significance to the flight of birds, as they flew from the right or from the left. We have some trace of this observation of right and left in our own language, derived to us from the ancient Romans. *Sinister*, among them, signified *left*, or left-handed; and also, as we have seen, *ill-omened*, *inauspicious*, *unlucky*—the very sense in which, and in which alone, it is used by us to this day. If a poor fellow had to be continually on the lookout for ravens cawing on the left, and for what-not occurring to sight or hearing on the right, the wonder is how the ancients ever attained to old age, even though a thousand signs of long life and immunity from dangers were present at their nativity!

And whilst discoursing of the minutiae of omens, I am reminded of the minute and multifarious directions given in the *Journal of Health* for the avoidance of sickness. I would just as soon observe all the omens of the Romans and Greeks, as the intolerable and interminable injunctions of the doctor.

SPILLING THE SALT.

If, at table, one of the company happen to overturn the salt-cellar, all must rise at once—it would be the height of madness to continue the meal. The consequences of that mishap were considered so serious, that the ancient Romans had their salt-cellars constructed on a principle similar to that of improved inkstands, making it almost impossible to upset them.

OMENS FROM LIGHTED CANDLES.

Tallow candles, strange as it may appear, are nearly as convenient about a house as newspapers or fortune-tellers. There are, at least, two events they never fail truly to foreshow—the arrival of letters and the death of friends.

SNEEZING

was a bad omen, and the evil had to be averted by the ejaculation *ZET ZQZON, prosit*. The king of Mesopotamia, being mortal, is subject to sneezing ;

but, every time he sneezes, acclamations are made in all parts of his dominions. Thus, when in the stillness of the night a cock falls off his roost, he picks himself up quickly and crows, and all the other cocks in all the country round do crow in like manner. In an old French *manners-book* we may read: "If his lordship chanches to sneeze, you are not to bawl out 'God bless you, sir,' but, pulling off your hat, *bow to him handsomely*, and make that observation to yourself."

What a direful power is possessed by

THE EVIL EYE,

which has the power of blasting and ruining whatever it is directed upon with evil intent.

CHARMS.

But few persons, I apprehend, who employ the word *charm*, have any thought of its original meaning. It is the Latin *carmen*, a song, the form of magical words the charmer croons out

when performing his wonders. David played Saul into a tranquil frame of mind with his harp—the charmer wheedles the wily serpent with his humdrum incantations. A charm is properly performed by the voice, as mesmerization is by *passes*, so-called. We may, however, class among charms such amulets and talismans as consist of *bits of writing*. Indian doctors charm disease away from you by most dissonant singing and howling; and doctors, not Indian, but of the quack species, perform a sort of devil's litany to subdue and banish disease. Talk of the progress of enlightenment, when men are still as gullible to-day as in the days of Hermes Trismegistus, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, or Cagliostro, grand-master and head-center of charlatans—the far more than Barnum of his age!

If you are bit by a mad dog, apply a flock of the animal's hair to the wound, and you are cured! But the mad-stone is more sure to heal. It was last heard of in Indiana. Apply the mad-stone to the bite, and it clings to it like a leech till it has

extracted all the venom. It is effectual in curing all manner of poisonous bites and wounds.

WITCHES.

A witch is "an old woman with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue; a rugged coate on her back, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, a dog or cat by her side." She has, furthermore, this singular property, that she can not sink in water.

She can o'ercast the night and cloud the moon,
And mak the de'ils obedient to her crune.

Witches possess, also, the power of compounding *philters*, love-potions, or love-powders, which make the person to whom they are administered fall desperately in love with the one who gives them. They compound also *maleficia*, hate-potions, to excite hatred and enmity.

Who has not heard about magicians selling themselves to the devil, on condition of obtaining of him

certain powers, as that of changing base metals into gold, or the faculty of passing from place to place, no matter how wide apart, in an instant of time, or of knowing the secrets of hearts? These strange beliefs were like foreshadowings of our modern wonders—telegraphy, steam-power, photography, and the rest.

It is unlucky to praise a child's healthy and cheerful looks, except you at the same time employ some formula or charm to guard against the bad-omen. Thus, some old dame, after so praising a child's looks, will make as if she spat upon it, and say: "A fine child! (thuh, thuh,) God bless it!"

Spittle would appear to bring luck. 'Tis owing to a belief in its virtue that the hansel or lucky penny is spit on before it is dropped into the pocket. The lucky penny is the first piece of coin the small dealer takes in after opening his shop or setting up his stand in the morning. Bruisers, too, spit on their palms before they commence a mill. Two boys are pledged to fight by the ceremony of each

spitting on a stone or a *kippen*. But this topic may not be pursued any further.

A vast amount of ingenuity has been displayed in devising charms for the cure of wounds and diseases of every sort.

The most effectual charm-cure for lameness *in a pig* is boring the animal's ear and putting a peg in it.

The ague is cured by this elegant distich :

Shake her, good devil, shake her well,

Then shake her no more till you shake her in hell.

A charm written out and to be worn about the person is called

A CHARACT.

A charact, esteemed an infallible cure for sore eyes, and consequently prized above rubies and gold, was profanely stripped of its cover one day, and the words inscribed were found to be : "*Diabolus effodiat tibi oculos : impleat foramina stercoribus.*"

The cure for a burn or scald, a charm to be recited over the patient :

Mary Miles has burnt her child

With a spark of fire ;

Out fire, in frost,

In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Grave old Roman Cato, the Censor, has left us this valuable receipt for sprains: *Haut, haut, hista, pista, vista*—which he recommends as a certain cure. It has at least the advantage of being very easy to remember. The superstitious cures for whooping-cough are too numerous to be all cited. Here is one: Take the stay-lace of the patient's godmother, put nine knots in it, and tie it around the child's neck. If the child, however, had no godmother, as may easily happen, it will be best to try the virtue of another cure, equally efficacious. It is this: Cut a lock of the child's hair ; roll this up in a lump of butter ; give the same to a dog. Here is a cure for the heart-ache: Give the patient the last nine drops of tea poured out of the tea-pot after the guests are served.

An eelskin bound around the leg will prevent persons taking *cramps* while in the water.

But I must not attempt a full enumeration of charms. It will be enough to say that there are charms for the cure of almost every infirmity and to guard against every possible danger.

PRAYING MACHINES.

The Abbe Huc, missionary in China, Tartary, and Thibet, tells us, in his most curious book of travels, of a singular superstition which he found in great vogue among the inhabitants of the Thibetian *lama-series*. They construct prayer-mills, being water-wheels or wind-mills, to which is attached a cylinder with a paper or a parchment scroll inscribed with prayers in the Sanscrit tongue. These pious machines work night and day, turning off millions and millions of most potent. prayers every twenty-four hours, for the benefit of their fortunate owners. The Japanese, we are told, have also their praying-machines, but these are not at all to be compared

with those of the Thibetians. For whereas the prayer-mills of the latter, being operated by wind or water, are constantly employed laying up merit for their owners, the Japanese machines are worked by hand-power, and of course cease when there is no person to *run* them. The latter machines consist of a wheel and axle fixed to a post in the ground. A number of prayers are inscribed on the post. Every revolution of the wheel counts so many prayers. In these two cases we have an application of mechanism to spiritual things, which should inspire us with deep respect for Thibetian and Japanese machinists. Here is almost as good an idea, as good an attempt at complying with the injunction PRAY YE ALWAYS, as if a man hearing that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away, should plant himself down before the heavenly citadel with Paixhan, Parrott, and mortar, to batter it down and take it by storm!

What need to go on any further, drawing up a descriptive catalogue of superstitions? This is indeed a vast field, and I have touched on only a

few points, comparatively. I have purposely omitted, or have never heard of, a multitude of popular superstitions—sorceries, omens, charms, divinations, delusions—which would all furnish matter for interesting and instructive study. Enough has been set forth to show how wide-spread has been and is the influence of superstition.

But perhaps some one will now think of asking me, whereunto all this talk about ghosts, and goblins, and demons, and omens? I might reply that the study of these things is as profitable as the study of biographies or as the study of works of fiction, at least. Remember that the proper study of mankind is man; and he who is the best acquainted with the mysteries of the human heart; who has seen the dark side of superstition as well as the bright side of truth and science, is by far the most learned man and by far the most *practical* man.

Perhaps I shall be asked, also, what is to be said as to the reality or unreality of supernatural or preternatural phenomena such as I have been discours-

ing of. But no individual opinion is of any weight in the decision of such a question. It is patent to all, even to young children, that most of those superstitions we have been considering have no basis better than almost inconceivable silliness; but I would not take my stand with those that assign no better foundation for *all* these (presumed) wonderful phenomena. Let it be well borne in mind that the human race has ever cherished a belief in these things; and even at the present day the vast majority of mankind, learned or ignorant, savage or civilized, believe that superstition is not *all* a subjective folly and delusion, but that it has a real foundation without the mind of man, and that there does exist an actual and active relation between men on earth, on the one hand, and, on the other, the dead and beings of another order. And may we not legitimately conclude that where there is so much smoke there must needs be a little fire?

When you hear men whose word is as good as their bond vouch for such narratives as follow, what can you in reason do but either believe in preter-

natural occurrences and interventions from another sphere ; or, if you go not as far as that, at least suspend your judgment? *Audi et alteram partem* is the rule of naked justice and simple courtesy in such cases.

A WAKING DREAM VERIFIED.

A man on shipboard, far out at sea, had distinct vision of his aunt's death in England, and of the most minute circumstances connected with the funeral. He notes on the ship's log what he saw in this vision. (One circumstance was that the grave was found half full of water, and a dormouse floating in it.) When he returns to England, he finds all happened exactly as it was shown to him hundreds of miles away.

A VISION VERIFIED.

William and Mary Howitt had once, as they relate, a vision of an army officer receiving a death-wound in action. They inserted in the London

Times a notice of their vision. At the same time the wife of an officer in the Enniskillen Dragoons had, in London, the same vision. She saw her husband meet his death as he led his company in battle. She compared notes with the Howitts, and both visions were found to agree. The next ship from India brought the first news of the Sepoy mutiny: the next bulletin from army head-quarters announced the death of the young lieutenant. All the circumstances tallied exactly and minutely with the visions, *it is said*, and I give the tale as I found it.

But some will brush away these tales as though they were summer flies. *Quisque abundet suo sensu.*

According to the Quaker poet of New England, there is no longer any such thing as wonder or mystery that can hold up its head in that favored region, for

Our modern Yankee sees
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries:
And naught above, below, around,
Of life, or death, of sight or sound,—

Superstitions.

Whate'er its nature, form, or look—
Excites his terror or surprise;
All seeming to his knowing eyes
Familiar as his "catechize,"
Or "Webster's spelling-book."

SPIRITUALISM.

The question of Spiritualism, so called, has made some noise both in Europe and in this country for some years past. Our wonder-workers in this particular line, generally known as *mediums*, have performed before most of the crowned heads of the old world with great applause, and not without substantial tokens of appreciation. But decay, old age, seems to have seized on Spiritualism, and it does not attract much public attention to-day. It looks as if it had about run its course, after the manner of Planchette, the velocipede, and other eight-day wonders.

Spiritualism was the natural reaction against that skepticism which would ignore or deny all events and occurrences of the preternatural or supernatural order. It is proverbially impolite to

mention the name of a certain *gentleman in black*, and it was fast becoming unfashionable to believe in his existence. The world appeared to be coming to believe that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was a sham and a humbug, part of the properties and machinery of clerical theatricals. But the human soul is not nor ever can be content with bald materialism, and will not allow all its cherished beliefs and most sacred convictions to be obliterated. So, in the midst of an age which was deeply imbued with materialistic opinions, we came face to face with this portent of *Spiritualism*, and the reaction hurried vast numbers into the opposite extreme, superstition and boundless credulousness.

Many persons of ripe scholarship, close application, and even of great prudence and judgment—jurists, physicians, publicists, *savans*—have, after mature deliberation, as it would appear, given in their adherence to this strange system of *spiritualism*. These are the very classes of men whom we should least suspect of an undue inclination toward credulousness. Shall we, then, who lay no

claim to their special advantages of training and experience, deny *in globo* the truth of all the alleged preternatural phenomena of so-called Spiritualism? It were unreasonable to do so. But it would be no less unreasonable to *bolt* the whole system, with its absurdities and incongruities; its blasphemies and its fantastic tricks. As it is not the purpose of this essay to attempt an explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, nor to propose any theory upon the subject of preternatural occurrences in general, but only to set forth some *curiosities of superstition*, I shall be excused if I decline to enter into the question of the truth or falsity of the alleged facts of the *spiritualistic* system.

Here, then, is a very lame and impotent conclusion, or rather non-conclusion, it must be confessed, to arrive at, after so long a discourse. This essay has a certain look of incompleteness without a little garnish of dogmatism—accounting precisely for every one of the strange beliefs and phenomena we have been considering. It is usual to dogmatize on such occasions as the present, and the temp-

tation to do so is strong. But, really, I have no dogmas to set forth upon the subject that could satisfactorily account for the alleged preternatural phenomena. I have never seen a ghost; never seen a table tip and reel; never seen Planchette write any communications that I might not judge came from the minds of the operators. I am not very well fitted to dogmatize on the *affirmative* side of the question, therefore. Dogmatism on the *negative* side is a brief and contemptuous dogmatism, finding its highest expression in the judgment: "It is all humbug, all imposture!" This latter dogmatism I do not accept. For these sufficient reasons I forego my undoubted right to dogmatize here.

But, then, it was not *in the bargain* that I should dogmatize at all, but only describe facts or alleged facts. "What, then, is a man to think about these things?" Ah! there is a question I have not quite *made up my mind about*, and certainly I do not propose to speak "with authority" about a matter concerning which I own that I am in the dark.

"But is there any thing in it?" Quite likely. "Is it spirits, or what?" My friend, when the man appears who will give a satisfactory answer to that question, the world ought to salute him as a Thaumaturgus, for he is likely to be the discoverer of a world more vast than has ever met the gaze of any navigator hitherto!



CULTURE.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a table of contents or a list of references. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a standard font. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right.



III.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator—
Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo CULTURÆ patientem accommodet aurem



ALL rightful human endeavor has ultimately in view, improving God's gifts and making them available for man's use.

The farmer, toiling in his field, does but place the conditions requisite so that the Creator's bounty may have free play; he does but place the seed in the presence of those forces which will develop and expand the living germ into the plant bearing its appropriate fruit in season. The miner, delving

in the bowels of the earth, painfully toils in darkness there, to the end that he may place within our reach the hidden wealth of minerals. The chemist, analyzing and compounding in his laboratory, steadily proposes to himself, as the one object of all his investigations and processes, the utilization of nature's gifts. The student, in his closet, searches into the mysteries of science, and accumulates treasures of wisdom and erudition from the writings of sages, *ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat*, to share them with all his fellows. We are a race of artificers, of fashioners and shapers of things into convenient forms—not creators. We adapt, we discover, we invent, we analyze, we compound, we compare; we plant the seed furnished to our hand: but we create naught. Our whole work is concerned about the lowly task of modeling and adapting to our uses what our Creator has bountifully furnished us. And the human race are all so bound up together, one with another, that there can be no such thing as absolute isolation. The usurer, who would appear to

be only a noxious blood-sucker, must, of necessity, give as well as take in this universal exchange of all mankind. The poorest toiler of us all, whose skill is of the rudest, whose labor is the lowest, adds his share to the universal store. Even the miser must contribute to the common supply at the peril of his life.

All the arts of man have this for their aim—to render available the wealth of God's gifts about him. These arts are all humanizing, civilizing in their results, in their products. The very exercise of them humanizes, for their object is the race, not the individual. Society has commenced to be organized so soon as any handicraft, however humble, however rude, comes to be exercised. The rudest forge is, in this view, a school of humanity, and its fires will one day light the torch of science. We may estimate the degree of civilization to which a nation has attained, from the number of arts in use among them, and from the magnitude of their results. A people, ignorant of the art of manufacturing iron, ignorant of its uses, holds a

low rank indeed. A nation, conversant with many arts whose results are but trivial, is but a feeble representative of civilization. A nation which has achieved a mastery over the giant forces of nature; which has the lightning subject to its control; which can make the enormous might of steam its subservient minister, by these facts alone justifies its claim to exalted rank in the order of civilization. There is a subtle connection between mind and body—between mind and matter, so that they react upon each other. The cunning hand, in the product of its skill, becomes an agent of refinement and of culture, as well as the nobler agent, mind. And each answering to each, each aiding each, we approach the term of civilization.

The noblest employment of human energy is where its aim is to improve, develop, fashion, and shape the human mind itself. And, of a truth, those very arts which, apparently, are concerned solely about the development of the *material* wealth of nature, have ultimately in view, as their supreme object, the culture of the mind, an *intellectual good*.

The triumphs of modern science; the amazing inventions of human ingenuity; the discovery of electricity, of photography; the invention of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny, are chiefly beneficial, inasmuch as they enlarge the possibilities of mental and moral culture.

The silk and fine linen which once were the exclusive wear of kings and courtiers, now, thanks to the steam-engine, clothe the peasant; and the *ci-devant* boor and clod hopper, together with these finer garments, puts on somewhat of the refinement, somewhat of the superior culture and courtliness of the royal palace. The works of art which used to adorn the villas and castles of nobles, now enter the poor man's cot in the shape of their *fac-similes*, thanks to photography; and now the poorest menial may possess, in their copies, the chefs-d'œuvre of the painter and the sculptor. The treasures of knowledge, owing to the scarcity and extreme cost of books, were once confined to a privileged few; now, thanks to the art of printing, the millions may, for a trifle of cost, possess libraries which, at

an earlier period, would have made monarchs envious. And in the same manner, in varying degrees, all the arts tend to one end, viz.: human culture.

The office of culture is twofold—negative and positive. Removing excess and vicious growth on the one hand, and, on the other, promoting true and beneficial development. It would, therefore, be a grave error to suppose that culture consists solely in the development of the *intellectual* powers and faculties, properly so-called; for that other province of culture, to check disorderly tendencies in mind and heart, is of equal importance. Therefore, we should not regard him as the truly-cultured man who possesses the largest store of knowledge, but rather him who, with competent intellectual discipline and acquirements, possesses also the amenities of character and of manners, and uprightness of moral principle. Moral culture and intellectual culture are co-ordinate, and must go hand in hand. They are but the two sides of one thing—the two essential components of one culture. Your learned bear, who has a pleased smile for the musty leaves

of his favorite authors, but a growl for his fellow-man; who knows as little of the laws and proprieties of human society, and cares as little for them, as Bruin, is no fair specimen of the culture of the schools. *Humanum nihil a me alienum esse puto*, says the cultured man. His culture makes him *more human*, more considerate, than he would have been without it.

Under the head of elements of moral culture comes the moral law—the cardinal precepts regarding the right and the wrong of human acts. The divine law, howsoever evidenced and proclaimed, is the supreme law of morality—whether conveyed through the medium of inspired Scripture, or defined by competent authority from without, or apprehended from within by the individual conscience. To say that culture, in its proper sense, is attainable without religion, is a contradiction in terms, for culture consists in the perfection and due exercise of all our faculties. But, without religion, the highest and noblest faculties are dormant. Religion, too, is requisite to supply incentives to

virtuous conduct, and to prevent vicious development.

The man whose intellect is even most exquisitely refined and disciplined, but whose moral sense is obtuse, whose apprehension of moral order is obscure, is a monster rather than a man of culture, approaching the idea we form to ourselves of Lucifer, son of the morning—an angel still in intellect, but a demon in malice. No man can be considered to be cultured, whose conscience is unenlightened by the principles of morality, and whose will is unrestrained by any sense of right and wrong. Moral culture, therefore, is as essential, at least, as intellectual. As was said before, they go hand in hand, and are but the two sides of the one thing.

Another element of culture (which, indeed, is commonly supposed to constitute its principal charm) is what we call *politeness, accomplishments, grace*, or what not. These words are not in very good repute now, as the qualities they represent having been sought for *in themselves*, without reference to the more solid virtues of which these

are but the outward adornment, they have come to mean something very different from what the words originally signified. Politeness now means only a certain exterior suavity, which need not represent any thing within. If one were asked what is the meaning of the word *accomplishments*, he would most likely answer, *playing the piano, speaking French*, etc. I use these terms in their better sense, as signifying the outward manifestation of solid virtues within. The foundation of true politeness, of true grace of manner, is the scrupulous observance, even in the minor details of life, of what is called the golden rule—doing to others as you would be done by; avoiding carefully giving offense to others; studying to oblige; respecting always the feelings and foibles of all. It is this that distinguishes the courtier from the boor; it is this that chiefly constitutes *the gentleman*. This makes society agreeable; which would scarce seem possible except among persons who have made some advances in refinement. The savage has a growl or a grunt for his fellow, and his tones are guttural;

their mutual intercourse is conducted upon snarling terms. They know not the golden rule ; they have never studied how to please and oblige ; they have no heed for the courtesies of life, and among them the rule is, every man for himself, *et pestis occupet extremum*. Hence, among them, the feeble, the afflicted, the deformed, the aged, have a pitiable lot. Christianity, *i. e.*, culture with religion, introduced asylums for all classes of unfortunates. Hence, one of the best criterions of culture and civilization among a people is, the number of alleviations they strive to supply for all human miseries.

As to intellectual culture, it has long been a matter of keen debate which among the various branches of mental discipline is to have the preference, in regard to its effects in the direction of culture : whether we are to prefer mathematical studies, or literary studies, or artistic training, or scientific studies. This is a *quæstio vexata* to this day ; indeed, perhaps it engages a larger share of attention to-day than ever it did since first it became a mooted question. There are to be found

Philistines and Vandals who would point to the steam-engine, and triumphantly challenge you to tell them where, in the whole range of classic literature, they could meet the model of that, or get a hint of improvements on it; and thence they draw the eminently logical consequence that the classics are utterly useless, and metaphysics useless, and art useless! They strangely forget that if the steam-engine is not an instrument of culture—of such culture as the classics promote—it is useless indeed. The *classicist*, on the other hand, abhors steam-engines, telegraphy, and all other modern inventions and appliances. They too rudely disturb his serene repose. Midway between these two extremes undoubtedly stands the truth, that literary studies and practico-scientific studies have each their own value, and are neither to be despised. If the one is eminently useful, the other is ornamental, at least—and highly useful, too, as will be seen.

As a mental discipline and instrument of culture, some writers award to *pure mathematics* the pre-eminence above all other studies whatsoever.

Here, they will claim, is discipline and training the most rigid, of the reasoning powers, the noblest and divinest faculties of the human mind. Here the harmonies and interdependencies of truth with truth are most clearly perceived and most cogently demonstrated, while marvelous chains of reasoning are forged, leading to conclusions as immovable as the eternal hills, as absolutely true as the very existence of truth itself. Here, as though the mind were in the repose of eternity, we speculate upon truth as though contingencies were not, as though necessity were the law of the universe.

Then, as the highest exercise of the intellect is the investigation and demonstration of truth, it is claimed that mathematical discipline is the most excellent instrument of intellectual culture. But it might be replied to this argument, that the human mind is possessed of divers faculties, whereof reason, the *reasoning* faculty, is but one; and as mathematical studies professedly tend toward the development of this one alone, therefore they can not be the sufficient apparatus of mental culture.

I see not how the study of pure mathematics is liberalizing, humanizing. I think these studies contract the mind within itself, and rather make it introspective than make it radiate abroad; are rather narrowing than expansive. It is a cold study—mathematics—very remote from the common walks of men, and from human sympathies. It is not broad enough, methinks, to be the sole instrument of liberal culture. Its results too much resemble hydrocephalus—an abnormal and vicious over-development of the cranium.

Mathematics, applied to the investigation of the phenomena of physical science, or the *applied* mathematics, is the key to all experimental science. What is unfortunately called *natural philosophy*—acoustics, hydrostatics, optics, electricity, and kindred branches, depend upon mathematics for every step they take in advance. But there are faculties of the mind that are not developed by these pursuits. Logical discipline gives only the method of apprehending and demonstrating propositions of truth. Artistic pursuits and studies develop only

the æsthetical faculty, and, more or less, the imagination, but do not specially train the reasoning powers. Our intellectual and mental gymnasium must not consist only of a pair of parallel bars, to develop *in imensum* the muscles of the chest and arms; nor of any other one instrument of exercise, affording but a partial and local development; but must include appliances for the exercise of every faculty, and of all the powers, in due proportion.

It would appear that literary discipline comes nearest to being the all-sufficient training of the mind in the direction of liberal culture. Literature contains the profoundest thoughts of the greatest minds, the grandest arguments, the highest results of the imaginative faculty, and, withal, the sublimest moral teaching. Then, what study so *humanizing*, so liberal, as that of literature? Literature tends to cultivate at once, reason, judgment, imagination, will, the heart—which all the other branches of discipline aim to accomplish only in part and piecemeal.

To attain a competent acquaintance with litera-

ture it is necessary to possess a knowledge more or less critical, not alone of one's mother-tongue, but also of sundry other languages, ancient and modern—certainly of the languages of ancient Greece and Rome, and also of one or more of the modern European languages. The very preliminary study of the elements of these various languages, so minute, so searching, so long-continued—what a severe mental discipline this is of itself! The beginner, weighing word with word, balancing meaning against meaning nicely, to find out exactly what is the true sense of a given word in a given sentence, has a succession of problems, constantly occurring, to work out; and this will call forth all the critical acumen he is possessed of. Surely, by this process, his thoughts are stimulated, and his reasoning powers liberally exercised. Next to the task of elaborating thought itself, surely this is a most severe study. It is as if the demonstrator of anatomy were to throw down, in a confused heap before his class, the various great and small parts and articulations of the skeleton, and bid them to

reconstruct the frame themselves, from their previously acquired knowledge of its structure, and of the correlations of its parts. As the performance of this task would give the pupil a *practical* knowledge of the structure of the human frame, in like manner the task of *construing* a sentence in a strange language calls forth thought and judgment in the tyro of literature. Or again, it is as if the watchmaker's apprentice were to be required, in the beginning of his apprenticeship, to put together, in proper position, the numberless pieces of a watch, thrown down before him promiscuously. The student has before him the text of his author, which he is required to translate; and¹ by his side the lexicon. It is only by severe sifting of meanings, by comparing sense with sense, word with word, clause with clause, sentence with sentence, that he will ever arrive at an understanding of what he reads. Thus it is that these literary studies in strange languages afford the means of very severe mental discipline indeed—exercise of the critical faculty and the judgment; and thus do these studies supply

what is supposed to be especially and exclusively, almost, within the province of mathematics—the development of the reasoning powers.

Another signal advantage to be derived from these literary studies is no less important than that just spoken of, and more direct. I refer to the noble thoughts and sentiments to be found in the writings of classical authors, poets, historians, essayists, or what you will. What more excellent discipline can be imagined than this, for mind, or heart, or imagination, or taste, or judgment? It is as if one were admitted into familiar association with the great minds of all time to listen respectfully to their high and learned discourse. And surely the mind so accustomed to commune familiarly with the great, and the learned, and the wise, takes thence some portion of grandeur and wisdom for itself. The exalted sentiments of the great and good become to such a mind as household words. It measures things by the self-same measures those master-minds applied, and weighs things in *their* balances. A man will regard current events from

their elevation, and his will is nerved to lofty enterprises by their example, and by their grand moralities. Does he aim at exalted station? He scorns to attain it by means unworthy of the pupil and familiar associate of those grand personages. Is his lot cast in lowly estate? He is above the vulgarity and meanness of his surroundings, by reason of the communion he holds with the great minds of the world through the medium of their writings. Do the paltry concerns of every-day life weary his soul? Does he sicken and grow tired of the drudgery of *work, work*, or the dreary inanity of *talk, talk*? He shuts himself up with his books, and in an instant the world with its littleness is miles away.

The dry, mechanical routine of mathematics is but a desperate resource when the soul is troubled. But when affliction is sorest and cares oppress, take down from the library-shelf the writings of one of those men of renown, and your grief and worry is charmed away, lulled into insensibility, by this anodyne. And the relief is not mechanical; it is not

as if you had been deceived into thinking over other thoughts besides those that distressed you. There was healing virtue in those books, and you arise from the reading, not alone relieved, but a better man, and better fitted than before for the society of your kind.

If the course of studies in colleges and universities were to-day to be determined by popular choice, I fear literature, classical literature, would have but little chance of holding hereafter its present pre-eminence. I fear the classics would be ruled out of the course. Yet nothing could be more unwise than to banish the classics. They contain the noblest treasures of thought; they are the most finished models of style. It is not every mind, besides, that is adapted for mathematical and practical studies, which it is proposed to substitute for the classics in the educational programme. It is but a few minds, comparatively, that are fitted for scientific studies, or that can pursue them with profit. It will be found that literary, classical studies are the best means of culture for the vast

majority of minds ; and, therefore, to banish the classics from the schools, is practically to leave such minds beyond the possibility of culture.

Indeed, I believe we must say that the adversaries of the classics, the advocates of a purely scientific or of a purely practical education, by their mode of argument, afford their opponents the most convincing proof that the *practical* system conduces not to liberal culture. Their denunciations of classical education as useless are too sweeping, too indiscriminating—in a word, too *bigoted*, to come from men of true and generous culture. A man of culture takes broad views of things, and if he does see, as he does, that it is of prime importance to mankind that we have skillful engineers and chemists, and the rest, he will at the same time see that it is of no less importance to the world to have men of letters, *scholars*, who, by their writings and discourse, may minister to the soul's wants. It must not be forgotten that there are other things that we need besides steam-engines and crucibles. Your cleverest accountant is but an indifferent

specimen of what humanity is capable of, if otherwise he is uncultured.

Now is not the first time in the world's history that the respective values of things are estimated by the amount in dollars and cents they will yield. It is an old story; but they who are lured on in the mazes of knowledge, by the charms which learning possesses for them, will not stop to inquire if *it will pay*. It is not the scholar that holds the highest post in a government, or who accumulates the largest heap of *metallic* gold. No; men of different mold and of different fibre far outrun the scholar in the race for wealth and power.

At this he makes no complaint. He only asks that those others oust not learning from her ancient homes—the colleges and universities, seats of *liberal* studies—and force her to give way to the one great study of making dollars duplicate themselves in the shortest possible space of time. It would be a sad misfortune for the next generation of men if the views of the school reformers of to-day were to prevail. The race would be maimed in its noblest faculties.

Mere wealth or position must not, in its arrogance, attempt to dictate to schools of learning what they shall teach and what they shall omit. If the rich man wants his son taught the great mystery of cent. per cent., and that alone, why no one has a word to say against it; only let him not go beyond and destroy the fount of learning at which others would fain drink.

The maintenance of a generous liberty, enlightened public opinion, social order, and enduring prosperity, depends far more upon liberal culture than upon the narrow calculations of the counting-house. But I have no fear that, in the war waged upon liberal studies, the narrower and baser side will win the day. The counting-house itself is an assurance of this. Architectural skill is exhausted of all its resources to beautify the temple of Mammon; and this is the homage which riches pay to culture. Music, painting, sculpture, are fostered by the millionaire; and if the divinity of his private worship is Mammon, his sons will have different tastes, and will think their riches well spent in the acquisitions of the graces and refinements of culture.


ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.





IV.

“EST NATURA HOMINUM NOVITATIS AVIDA.”

MONG the phenomena of trade there is no fact that is better ascertained, and in the whole science of political economy there is no maxim more firmly established than this, that demand creates supply, and, *vice versa*, that supply creates demand. In philosophical parlance these two terms *connote* each other, they are the *complements* of each other. Supply intensifies demand, so that it becomes an importunate cry as of hunger, though it would scarce be heard were it not that supply evokes it. It is demand that cov-

ers every sea with the white canvas of ships, like benevolent sprites flitting constantly from shore to shore, burdened with the varied treasures of every clime. And it is the supply of needful commodities and of luxuries which these furnish that causes the demand for them to go on increasing steadily from day to day.

THE PAPER IN THE MORNING.

I feel the entire force of this grand truth, of this great law of supply and demand, most sensibly when my NEWSPAPER fails to put in an appearance at the time of the morning meal, most unsociable of meals, as somebody has most justly remarked. Surely, there must have been a time in the remote past—indeed I could show from history that there really was a time when, strange to relate, people managed in some sour and surly way to dispatch the morning repast without the relish of NEWSPAPER SAUCE! We call for the paper; we clamor for the paper; we refuse to speak a kindly word until we get our paper; and then woe betide him who should address

us a word while engaged in the perusal of its contents. We are prepared to say that life were unendurable to us without our paper in the morning. It is the supply, the bountiful supply of papers in our day that has created this demand, this *craving*, I might say.

PAULLO-POST-FUTURE A. AND F. NEWSPAPER
SOCIETY.

I sometimes feel an apprehension that the day is not very far distant when this question of newspaper supply for the millions will puzzle the wise heads of big-wigs and legislators, even as defective supply of bread and butter, or bread without the butter, has vexed and pestered them from immemorial time. And I fear that newspaper supply will not be their only *quæstio vexata*! The cry of the Roman people, in the decay of the empire, was PANEM ET CIRCENSES, bread and shows. The new cry will be a long-winded one, as it will be not simply PAPERS, BREAD, and BLACK CROOKS, but will embrace as many things as are enumerated on

an auctioneer's catalogue besides. Indeed, I expect to see the day when humanitarianism will come to the rescue, and when, instead of benevolent societies for the feeding of the hungry and clothing the naked, and sending Bibles and goody tracts to the people of China, to make shoes out of, and to wrap groceries in; when, instead of sending free gifts of the Gospel and moral pocket handkerchiefs to the South Sea Islanders and the gentle savages of equatorial Africa, we shall behold Good Samaritan societies for supplying these same savages with daily newspapers, piano-fortes, and all the other absolute necessities of life, for in the words of my text supply creates demand, and *vice versa*, as aforesaid.

I should like very much to investigate this question in all its breadth, in all its actualities, and in all its possibilities, in the hope that mayhaps we might from the study derive some sound principles for the guidance of the philosophic statesmen and economists who will come after us, and who, as we have seen, will have each a world of trouble at any

rate. But life is short, alas! and there is such a thing as abusing your patience, and so we must needs for the present restrict our observations to this one subject of newspapers. Even here, too, in this narrower sphere we must deny ourselves the liberty of expatiating free o'er all the vast extent of the subject, and restrict ourselves within certain limits. And now, in conformity with the good old custom of beginning at the beginning, we commence our observations with that period in the dim and misty past when newspapers were yet in their infancy or were only *in embryo*.

ENTER JENKINS.


The primitive idea of a newspaper was as different from that of our day as a Roman rheda or carriage from a railroad carriage, as a crossbow from the nadel-gewehr or a Spencer rifle. The earliest newspapers contained only bald summaries of foreign news of public interest; they scarce admitted any thing less weighty than a state paper. A schedule of taxable articles might be considered

light reading then. (I find that the United States assessors' returns of incomes afford agreeable reading to this day.) In those ancient journals are to be found many traces of the presence of JENKINS, who now and then managed to get admission for some of his much-admired and courtly effusions. If one of the crowned divinities of Jenkins's worship made a royal progress through his dominions, Jenkins was minute, Jenkins was Boswellish, Jenkins was euphuistic, as became his sacred theme. If a new sprig of royalty made its appearance, or if a scion of royal stock attained his majority, or succeeded to his hereditary honors, then Jenkins bloomed and burst forth in poetic ecstasy. But further than these Jenkinsiana, and stereotyped announcements of courts and levees, besides royal alliances, and wars and rumors of wars, the venerable newspaper of the olden time contained no matter of popular or human interest. Indeed, it might better have been printed on satin with letters of gold—so select it was, so courtly—than on rag-paper with vulgar black ink.

PRIMEVAL NEWSPAPERDOM.

The first newspaper published in England was a weekly, and made its appearance in London, in the year 1622. It was very appropriately named the "Weekly Newes from Italy, Germany, etc." There were no leading articles, no editorials, in those days, the papers being conducted upon the same principles as certain newspapers in our own country during the war—to contain bare news alone, without note or comment. Fortunately for the conductors of those ancient newspapers, none of them had the temerity to dictate to governments, or to criticise the course and policy of the powers that be. That was presumption reserved to a later and a better age. In the good old times it would surely have been punished by the pillory at least. The ancient NEWS and MERCURIES had no advertisements, no literary articles; telegrams none; no poet's corner, no tales, no scandal; fashions none—though we must not imagine that because fashion talk did not get into the papers, therefore fashions

were not. There was nothing in the papers of those days about the miraculous virtues of panaceas, and nostrums, and cure-alls. Nothing about glorious chances of making five to ten dollars per diem profit upon an investment of fifty cents. Nobody then was at the trouble of informing you, through the newspapers, that he could tell past, present, and future by a lock of your hair, upon being told the day and the month of your nativity, and receiving a suitable, though moderate fee. If people were born then with a caul, or with a *natural gift*; or even if one were so fortunate as to be the *seventh daughter of a seventh*; or presented with a magic and wondrous pebble by the Emperor of China or the Mikado of Japan—indeed, no matter how highly favored they might be, they never then thought of putting it in the papers, stupids that they were! In good truth, has it not ever been thus with those elect favorites of the stars, who hold, as it were, the destinies of us all in their hands, and can send us prosperity or adversity at their pleasure! They never have an eye to the main chance, to number



one, at all, but are content themselves to live in squalid lodgings, with naught between their venerable heads and the starry canopy of heaven but the shingles; the while they bestow fabulous wealth and elysian fortune on the lucky ones who cross their honest palms with coin!

You see that it required time to bring the newspaper up to its present exalted standard. Between that weak weekly of 1622 and the metropolitan daily of 1869, with its Hoe cylinder presses driven by giant forces; with its column after column of advertisements concerning every human interest; with its displayed advertisements of black and white crooks, mermaids, fortune-tellers, and infamies unmentionable, what an immense distance exists! The wonder is how they got people to take in their stupid papers at all in the antediluvian period, 1622.

The first daily newspaper, the *COURANT* by name, appeared in the year of grace 1702. It was a diminutive sheet, the first number having but one page of printed matter, in two columns, and consist-

ing of five paragraphs, all translations. But why should I be guilty of transcribing any further from the Cyclopædia? Lo, may not any one that wishes read the whole history of newspapers there for himself? and my discourse is to be a rambling talk, not a history.

Let us deal leniently and indulgently with them who went before us in the newspaper field. They are worthy of all praise for what they accomplished in the face of a world of difficulties. The public then was generally unlettered, so that the readers and patrons of newspapers were necessarily a very small minority, and therefore there was no stimulus to enterprise. Neither had they in those days railroads, steamships, electric telegraph, or steam-press. Even our own newspapers, what would they be without these agencies? And yet, with all their defects, and with all their disabilities, what a precious treasure are the newspapers of the olden days. Indeed, one is sometimes disposed to think that newspapers, even as wine, improve with age. It often happens that amid the varied delights of a

large collection of books—books old and new ; books light and dull, strange and familiar—we fail to meet one to while away a vacant hour withal. Even the picture-books fail to interest. But let an old newspaper turn up, and we find ourselves instantly absorbed in its contents, however trivial. The mere news-summary—now, ah how ancient and out of date, possesses an interest for us. The dry record of deaths, births, and marriages ; the announcements of vendues, of rewards for things lost, the most ordinary advertisements, we peruse with avidity. We take up an old paper with pages say about the size of an octavo book, musty, dirty, and yellow, and the whole page as uninviting as can well be imagined, and yet, for some obscure reason, it interests us. Perhaps this is because a newspaper is the biography of every-day people, and we all know that biography has charms for most readers far excelling those of solemn history ; and *minute* biographies, even of the most hum-drum characters, are ever the most popular of writings.

We pick up a fragment of an old paper. Maybe

it has something to say of persons and places we were once familiar with ; may be it interests us for some other reason. But it was torn across—our copy fails us just as a narrative was approaching its climax, and we shall never again see the conclusion of the sentence. What a disappointment ! Ah, it is then we begin to think that newspapers are to be heedfully preserved, not scattered to the winds. The Moslem conquerors of Egypt, 'tis said, used the volumes contained in the Alexandrian Library to heat up the baths. Poets, historians, philosophers, orators, wits, the most precious monuments of ancient literature, were thus applied to the basest uses. *We* light our fires with newspapers. Whole generations of papers have been barbarously reduced to ashes thus. Hereby I enter my feeble protest against this vandal wastefulness. If papers can not be filed and preserved, if they threaten to become an incumbrance in the house, even then there is no need to burn them. Let them be tumbled into the all-containing bag of the chiffonnier, the ragman ; send them to the paper-mill !

That is the tomb whence the defunct paper will rise again, in a veritable resurrection, to run its old course again! And (laying aside figures of speech) you will thus cheapen the price of printing paper—a very important consideration nowadays. It were more considerate, to be sure, to preserve the papers, or, at least, to preserve the more valuable portion of them. But if one *will not* file, *will not* preserve, at least let him save them from the fire.

But old papers have, in certain exceptional circumstances, a money value far above that which they possess as material for the mill. Thus, Bayard Taylor, happening to be in the city of San Francisco in 1849, had a dozen old papers which he had employed in filling crevices in the packing of his portmanteau. The non-commercial traveler was not a very acute business man, as you may easily see, from the fact that he parted with his stock to a retailer, instead of bringing it into the retail market himself. So he sold it out at a sacrifice. The fool got only ten dollars for the lot. No wonder that authors are poor, if this is to be taken as

a specimen of their management. An acquaintance and shipmate of his was wiser in his generation, who found, in two hours, purchasers for fifteen hundred old papers, selected; at an advance upon Taylor's price. Ah, that was the golden age of old papers in El Dorado! The trade of news-vender was then and there surely as good as that of gold-digger, or that of oil-well borer, at a later period. How many a precious moment of truly golden opportunity was cheerfully squandered by those keen diggers for gold, over the stale columns of *Tribune*, and *Herald*, and the rest! That was the time when they were trotting old Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, all over the country, and making speeches at him. Verily, if the papers of those days, now "twenty golden years ago," filled their columns with those eloquent addresses, as is now the fashion, those Californians had sad stuff to read, and paid dear for their whistle. JENKINS, however, was not then fully developed in this country, so the Californians were mercifully spared the infliction, as we may presume. Something

like twelve years after that time, Jenkins appears to have attained his grandest proportions. His valuable services were retained for the New York *Herald*, and his achievements are simply what might have been expected of the man. Ever since, the entire press have had him pretty constantly in their employ. He is ubiquitous, *in the season*, at fancy balls, marriages in high life, and at the watering-places; every-where noting, with the utmost minuteness, the doings and sayings, the graces and the apparel, of great people.

Except when an unusually severe storm prevails, we have no means here of conjecturing or experiencing the feelings of one who is cut off from newspaper supply. The poet Whittier, as he elegantly describes in his poem, *Snow-Bound*, once was so cut off, and he there fitly portrays the joy of the household on receiving their paper after the roads had been rendered passable.

"At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.

Lo! broadening outward as we read
To warmer zones th' horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record mingling in a breath
The wedding-knell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale;
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more."

Have you ever noticed how little news is really contained in the papers, *news-papers* though they be? You have been poring over a paper for half an hour, we will say. You were as gruff the while as a grizzly bear, or as a hungry hound discussing his chance bone. You would endure no interruption while engaged at your reading, being

engrossed with the *news of the day*. Well, you have finished and thrown the paper aside, and how contemptuously! You are asked, "What's the news? Is there any thing notable in the paper?" "Oh, nothing," you say; and you have no patience with me if I insist on my right of being gruff and taciturn, too, while picking *my* bone, or reading my paper.

Some men are cross when disturbed at their meals. Others are most exquisitely annoyed when persons claim their attention to affairs *not of business interest*, during business hours. Others, quiet bodies, are tortured by loud-speaking, long-drawn talkers. Still others have their quiet disturbed by importunate duns—by their printer, mayhaps. But a thing that no man can endure, with perfect good grace, is to be interrupted in the perusal of his paper.

"WHAT DO THE PAPERS SAY OF IT?"

You will hear men sometimes aver that they have no regard for the good or the bad opinion of

the papers ; for why should the judgment of penny-a-liners be accounted as any weight by a sane man, indeed? Is not the whole tribe of quill-drivers a *venale pecus*, a set of mercenaries who will bestow praise where they are paid for it? And what decent man would care for such praise? But suppose a man has made an appearance in public—as a speaker, say, or as a champion in the prize-ring. Or suppose that some literary, dramatic, or other association has given a public entertainment ; mark how anxious they are, one and all, to know from the papers how they acquitted themselves! As if they could not judge for themselves! As if, really, they thought the good opinion of the press as of some account after all! Perhaps they consider Mr. Editor an impartial judge. Ah! but let him criticise your eloquent speech, and fault your manner, or point out the worthlessness of your arguments, or ridicule your pretensions. What then? Or again, let him depreciate your science, O most gentle bruiser ; or poke fun at your proceedings, O most learned, or most talented, association, as

the case may be! Oh, then he is prejudiced, you know! But, *Cæsarem appellas: ad Cæsarem ibis*—which is as much as to say, in the vernacular language, O most meek of maulers, *the editor was chosen referee*, and there is no appeal from his verdict.

AN ALL-ACCOMPLISHED MAN.

What a fund of varied, I had almost said *universal*, information, what an endless store of curious scholarship editors are supposed to have ever ready at hand to command. Look at the column headed "To Correspondents," in almost any weekly "family" paper you please. Every possible question, it would appear, that can arise is sent to Mr. Editor for solution. Questions about the results of elections; the distinctive tenets of religious sects; questions arising in the work-shop and in the nursery; questions as to the speed of horses, living and dead! And with what blissful confidence correspondents await Mr. Editor's answer! And in truth, to do Mr. Editor bare justice, he

shows that he is worthy of all the confidence thus reposed in him. Suppose a public man dies to-day, before to-morrow's sun every paper in the land contains a more or less complete account of his life and services. If the deceased was an author, what an intimate and critical acquaintance all the editors have with his works! His novels they review exhaustively. His state papers they weigh nicely, and determine their precise value. His scientific treatises they examine minutely, and pass judgment upon them. What an astoundingly large amount of reading they must have accomplished in fitting themselves for their profession! What a marvelously accurate and retentive memory they must be gifted with! I wonder if this universal and almost preternatural knowledge of the editorial profession is slowly and laboriously acquired, as *our* knowledge is acquired? Or is the editor born with *gifts*? Is it witchcraft, or is it the result and fruit of honest study? Perhaps you will say that encyclopedias, and annuals, and manuals, are the coaches in which he makes his excursions into the domain of knowl-

edge, serving like a witch's broomstick to whisk him off in an instant whithersoever he will! Perhaps these serve for him the purpose of a wizard's mirror, wherein he at a single glance beholds all things, past, present, and future, in their manifold relations! I venture not so far as to form any opinion upon this grave question, far less to express an opinion. I leave it as I found it, among things inexplicable. However this knowledge comes to the editor, he is at all events credited with it by all men; and it is never in order for an editor to avow ignorance upon any topic whatsoever, or to seek information from others, even from other editors; except, indeed, where information is asked for ironically; and from an adversary, to confound him the more.

Have editors a *familiar* that they always say *we*, even where there is professedly but *one* editor? If so, their mysterious universality of knowledge can be accounted for by saying that it is *magical*, not natural. There are newspaper establishments in the country, where the editor, pressman, type-setter,

d—l, and all, are comprised in one individual, and yet the paper always uses the NOS MAJESTICUM; *therefore* editors have *familiars*! *Ergo*, their knowledge is not natural, but magical!*

Yet, unhappily for the finiteness of human knowledge, howsoever acquired; it would now and then appear as if all editors did not possess a universal acquaintance with things—were not *walking encyclopedias*! Thus, once in a certain place an editor confessed his ignorance of the word Pan-Anglican! His GREEK, no doubt, had become somewhat *rusty* from disuse: but where was the need of admitting that fact? I am better pleased with the robust freedom that a Cincinnati paper allowed itself to use toward the *Latin*, though *rust*, or *something else*, had left no traces of Latin in its poor head at all! It had occasion to use the word *ignoramus*, in the plural, and put it *ignorami*. And is it not better for

* Here a solution of a great question is offered, though in the preceding paragraph a solution was declared impossible. Such contradiction between belief and practice is not uncommon, and will therefore be excused here.

an editor to use solecisms, or to do worse, than to betray ignorance? Innocent readers surely must not be tempted, by confessions of ignorance, to be skeptical with regard to the momentous question, "*Are editors infallible?*"

What miser's den ever held treasures to compare with those of the editor's *sanctum*? Thence, as from some lofty observatory, he looks out upon the whole world—or rather, there the whole world is laid out before his gaze, and nothing can escape his observation. Doubtless, he always keeps a snarly dog to guard his treasure-house. Doubtless his door is all over plastered with notices, "Positively no admittance except on business;" and we all know that the only earthly business that the philosopher of the sanctum has with the outer world—and precious little business it is, too—is when he receives his chance pittance from some subscriber, who, in a perverse world, is honest enough to pay the printer. As all are aware, such honesty is of the very rarest occurrence. But with all his precautions against importunate intrusion,

they say that a stray idler or bore makes his way into the sanctum from time to time! Mr. Editor loves not such company. But suppose he were rich enough to fit up a splendid and spacious reading-room, where the public could read his exchanges, I have no doubt but that he would do it cheerfully. But he is too poor! Perhaps though, if we were all to pay in adv—. But no, I abstain from making an impossible supposition! There once was an editor, however, who fitted up a free reading-room for the benefit of the public. It was in Philadelphia. But the reading-room was but the vestibule of his bar-room, which he had fitted up in the office! That was certainly one of the most curious combinations of different lines of business ever heard of.

SCISSORS VERSUS PEN.

Doubtless the writing editor considers himself to be by far the most important personage upon the newspaper staff. Yet commonly he is far more ornamental than useful. It is the fashion to have *leading articles*, and therefore every office must

employ a writing editor. Yet who cares for reading those splendid and elaborate editorials, written with so much pains, and with such vast expenditure of midnight kerosene, such diligent search of encyclopedias? Indeed, I am sure most readers of newspapers would prefer the scissors to the pen as the symbol of editorial rank. And yet, suppose *all* the editors were to throw aside the pen, and take up the sartorial and tonsorial implement, where would the latter find proper material to work upon after a certain time? Aye, there is the difficulty. So radical a change, then, must not be attempted. Suppose a compromise could be effected that would be conservative of the pen, but should allow the use of it only to the chosen few. There's a good time coming, no doubt; but when you find all the dullards of the press, all the bores, all the pretended scholars, all the pretended wits, disarmed of that dangerous weapon, the pen, believe me, the millennium is at hand, at your very doors. But the signs of the times point not to such a millennium as that, but to a millennium of the same

old boredom, the same impertinent ignorance and puppyism that has disgraced the press from the beginning.

REPORTERS.

It might be possible to discover arguments to prove the plausibility, if not the probability, of the paradox that editors do not know all things; but there is another class of beings belonging to the newspaper staff concerning whom we must speak with greater caution and discreteness. I refer to the reporters. I do think there is absolutely nothing that reporters do not know, if they wish! No person will be so rash as to impugn the truth of that self-evident proposition. It is a fundamental principle in newspaper science, and must no more be called in question than that other self-evident proposition $2 \times 2 = 4$. When the bishops were assembled in plenary council at Baltimore, three years ago, the *Herald's* correspondent or reporter got, by some means, a summary of the matters to be discussed by them, and the conclusions that would

most likely be arrived at. When this information was published, the cry was, "The report was made up in the *Herald* office," or "The *Herald* has been imposed upon." Yet, when in due course an authentic announcement was made of the work which the council had done, and the matters which it had deliberated about, it was found that the *Herald* was in the right and the wiseacres mistaken.

A REPORTER OUTWITTED.

The nearest approach that has perhaps ever been made to disproving the truth of the great axiom of reporters, was when a reporter applied for permission to take notes in a certain informal ecclesiastical synod out West. The knight of the pencil and tablets expected to meet with some opposition to his modest request, and was much surprised to find that not the slightest objection was made to his presence. He then chose a cosy nook in the organ gallery, took out a sheaf of pencils, carefully sharpened them, and spread his note-

book before him. "Ready! Be pleased to proceed to business, right reverend fathers in God," chuckled he to himself. Obedient to his faintest wish, the fathers did proceed to business. But the language of that synod was Latin, and the reporter did not think it worth while to make reports in a dead language, and left the church. Let the intelligent reader take notice that here is no disproof of the great axiom: for the reporter could have made a report—only he chose rather not.

It would appear as if the very secret thoughts of the mind are open to the reporter! Have we not the views and opinions of every prominent man in the country spread out before us on the breakfast table every morning, in the newspaper? And do we not know the mind of men in power quite as soon as they know it themselves? For all this and much more we are beholden to the reporter—you may call him Paul Pry, or Mercury, whichever you please.

The members of the late Pan-Anglican Synod refused to admit the reporters to their grave and important deliberations; and they seemed to imag-

ine that, because the oaken doors of Lambeth Palace were closed against these winged Mercuries, it was, therefore, impossible for them to enter in! The reporters pretended very meekly, but regretfully, to accept the order for their exclusion. But they have a grand joke upon the venerable prelates. No public report of the proceedings was made at all, and my lord bishops were soon at a loss to determine what was done in this famous convention; at loggerheads with one another—one holding that such and such remarks were made by such and such a right-reverend father in God, another stoutly denying it. Of course, the reporters know all about it, and could instantly bring these unseemly wranglings to an end by producing their short-hand reports. But the fun of the thing is that they won't, and they keep as mum as oysters. O sweet revenge!

It is the office of the reporter to conjecture news infallibly, or to see it by intuition, no matter how it may be hidden away from the vulgar gaze of the multitude. As the pickpocket abstracts from the

well-guarded pocket its contents; as the physician prognoses disease coming, from symptoms that are voiceless and meaningless to the undisciplined sense of unprofessional people; as the weather-wise foresee the yet hours-distant storm, in prognostics and portents that the common herd notice not at all: even so the reporter has a keen sense for news, and he can apply his forceps deftly to the smallest portion of news that protrudes from a subject, and neatly bring it forth to the view. When he is in possession of it, then it is ours also, for he toils for us.

Many a public speaker owes his fame to the generosity of a reporter, who embellishes the awkward sentences of the orator, and substitutes sense for nonsense. A great and good man, on reading in the papers a report of a speech by himself, declared that it was the best speech he had ever delivered; and he was surprised at his own eloquence. Well he might be, for every sentence in the *reported* speech was, from beginning to end, the reporter's own composition! *Sic vos non vobis!*

A REPORTER IN QUOD.

But reporting enterprise sometimes overreaches itself, and more's the pity. One Joe Howard it was, I believe, who, in the days of *lettres de cachet* and tinkling little bells, got himself into trouble by following the trade of a reporter with more zeal than discretion could approve. He had so acute a scent for drafts to replenish the army, that he snuffed them in the air, even before Mr. Lincoln had ordered them, or thought of them. So he conceived a proclamation calling out six hundred thousand men; and the very rumor of that army on paper—more terrible than a mighty host with banners in battle array—caused gold to make a leap sky-high. Poor Howard for this was incarcerated in Fort Lafayette, a martyr of enterprise and zeal in his profession.

REPORTERS LEAD A HAPPY LIFE.

No free-lance or soldier of fortune ever led, or imagined to himself, so gay and diversified a life

as that of the newspaper reporter. Talk of youngsters going to sea for enjoyment, and in order to see the great world! Why, a young duck that makes his first tentative launch into the water, will see as much of the world, in his first swim, as the sailor-boy runaway can see, as compared with the newspaper reporter. The *Bould Sojer Boy* has had his gay life immortalized in song; and, the false deceiver, he would have his numerous admirers and sweethearts believe that he is always as gay and happy, as when he marches with his regiment through a town, with banners fluttering in the breeze, amid the cheering din of fife and drum, and surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war! But the soldier's life, during its greater part, that is, in time of peace, is monotony itself—dreary, dull monotony. Even the sailor's life is infinitely more diversified, in scene and sphere of activity—except, indeed, the case of fresh-water sailors who navigate the raging canal. But the very ideal of an adventurer's life, of a life of novelty and constant variety, is the life of a

newspaper reporter who is ever on the wing.. Is it not his enviable privilege to enjoy enough of the ennobling scenes of the fistic arena to afford him pleasure, without occasioning satiety? Doth he not sit with honor in the cock-pit and witness the dog-fight? Perhaps even these refined and intellectual pleasures might pall. If so, he can follow armies into the field; or, better still, he can, at a safe distance in the rear, indite *a priori* accounts of skirmishes and engagements he never had a sight of. There is variety for you—a spicy kind of life! And, O pater familias! send not your stripling son, the hope of your house, on the grand tour of Europe and the world, sight-seeing! Put a pencil in his one hand and a note-book in the other, and bid him open his eyes and be a reporter for the press—if he can. Yet *non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JENKINS.

This personage, of whom casual mention has already occurred in this discourse, is in close relations with the newspaper press in most coun-

tries. There are English Rothschilds, and German Rothschilds, and French dittos. There are Austrian Lloyds, and so forth. Jenkins is JENKINS every-where, and no more; not London Jenkins, and Paris ditto, and New York ditto, but Jenkins, *simpliciter, sine additamento*. There is somewhat of mystery about Jenkins, and I have never been able to make out for certain whether there are more Jenkins than one in the world. The papers speak always as if Jenkins were one; but how could he be one and do all that we see attributed to Jenkins? There are, therefore, either more Jenkins than one, or, if there is only one, he has the faculty of being in many places at one time. 'T is strange how full of mysteries this subject of newspapers is! Before I had undertaken the composition of the present essay, I was of opinion that this field was about as free from preternatural wonders as field could well be; and lo! already we have been utterly puzzled by three inexplicable phenomena, *Jenkins, the reporter,* and *the editor*; and there yet remains the little fiend of the printing office! Who knows but that

we shall meet with other and greater portents as we push on our investigation? However that may be, we have entered on a great work, and we do not intend to rest or faint until we have accomplished it!

Following the example of the newspapers (and what better exemplar could we set before ourselves?) we will write of Jenkins as of one individual. He is by birth an Englishman and a cockney. His ancestors on the father's side were presumably Jenkinses, but here history is silent. His mother was a YELLOWPLUSH, whose family had been in alliance with the great family of JEEMS from time immemorial. We need not trace his genealogy any further, as our concernment is with Jenkins himself, not with his ancestors or other kindred. He is the founder and original proprietor of that eminently respectable paper, "*The London Court Journal*." No other pen than his is permitted to write for that highly aristocratic sheet. The very advertisements he writes himself! He has a general, though thorough, supervision of jour-

nals of similar name and identical character in the large and small capitals of Europe. His power does not extend to China. The Chinese have a Djen-Kin of their own. The *Almanach de Gotha* would be called *Almanach de Jenkin* only for his extreme modesty. He edits that annual. For other periodicals (ladies' magazines, *journals des modes*, etc.), and for other newspapers, he is only an occasional contributor.

Though Jenkins, as may well be imagined, has a style of thought and of expression peculiarly his own, it is a noteworthy circumstance that his writings are sometimes attributed to other men—or, what is the same thing, the writings of others have been accounted his. In this way a distinguished editor of more papers than one, *all daily*, has been mistaken for Mr. Jenkins! Even Mr. James Gordon Bennett has more than once passed for Jenkins!

GLORIOUS NEWS—IF TRUE!

Mr. Jenkins's branch establishments in this country, affiliated to the great central bureau of Jenk-

insism in the mother country, are in a flourishing condition at present. He has assured me, even with his own lips, that there is a far better market here for his peculiar wares than we are disposed to think. He says that snobbery and aristocracy of the codfishy order flourish so luxuriantly here that he has serious thoughts of transferring the CENTRAL BUREAU, and even the COURT JOURNAL, to New York city! May nothing occur, on either side of the Atlantic, to retard that auspicious change! Westward the star of empire holds its way. Our dazzling republican court can have full justice done to its splendors, only when Jenkins's pen describes them, in the noble pages of a COURT JOURNAL. The transcendent merits of our great statesmen can never be known to the world, till Jenkins has his HEAD BUREAU here among us. Luxury, and fashion, and *ton* are halting in their career, *carent quia vate sacro!* O speed the day when we can enjoy the fullness of Jenkins all to ourselves!

MRS. PARTINGTON LIVES.

The world-renowned Mrs. Partington still writes occasionally for the papers, and even in her extreme old age shows that she understands the meaning of PROGRESS and ENTERPRISE, contributing, telegraphically, news items to a certain morning paper in the centre of New York. The first dispatch from her that came under my observation appeared in the paper in question somewhat less than two years ago. It was to the effect that the Garibaldians were throwing up *retrenchments*—in disgust, no doubt, at having their opportunities for mischief *retrenched* by the Zouaves at Mentana! In the same issue was another telegram from the same venerable dame, which made mention of the *salvation* of the *Roman question*. Any common person would have said *solution*.

BENNETT.

Another noted character connected with the newspaper press is James Gordon Bennett, a Scotch-

man by birth, and though supposed to be a Catholic in religious belief, yet the persistent maligner of every thing Catholic. His paper, if not *influential*, as they say, enjoys a large circulation, and has a large *advertising patronage*; and these are better than *influence*, in a *money* point of view; and money makes the mare go.

Bennett bears the character of having just no character at all, to speak of. His gospel is this: New York city is the all in all, the everlasting; and the *Herald* is its prophet! New York is bound to be the focus and centre of the world's commerce, and of civilization, letters, progress, and of all things! Nothing is great without the approval of New York; and New York will one day dictate laws to the rest of creation.

Care must, however, be taken not to fall into the absurd mistake of supposing that New York ever could be what it is, or is destined to be, without the *Herald*. Indeed, the *Herald* it is which has builded New York!

The *Herald* is the unflinching guardian of the

laws! The *Herald* is the direct ecclesiastical superior of all divines, and gives laws to the pulpit! The *Herald* is the sole proprietor of all the Rev. *Smythes*, advertisers-in-chief of Black Crooks! The *Herald* is the supreme and ultimate tribunal of the drama and the opera! The *Herald* is the scourge of corruptionists! Without the approval of the *Herald*, duly obtained, no singer, or actor, or performer of any kind, can hope to succeed in New York! Mr. Bennett's sleep, I make no doubt, is rendered uneasy at night by his thinking constantly of what the world, and especially New York, will do when he dies! I hope all this will inspire sentiments of due respect for James Gordon Bennett's satanic *Herald*.

THE PRODIGY OF THE "LEDGER."

What an all-accomplished genius and admirable Crichton: what a *magister elegantiarum*, or arbiter of the proprieties: what a "WHAT IS IT?" Bonner employs, to furnish "ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS" on the eighth page of his *Ledger*! That

man is to Bonner a greater than Dexter, or any other trotter or racer in his stables. Just think of the varied nature of the questions this wonderful being has to answer, *stans pede in uno*, or, in the vernacular, while you'd be saying *Jack Robinson* ! One correspondent asks him why is a certain battle called the Battle of the Spurs. Another wants to know what is meant by *Field of the Cloth of Gold*. Thus they keep the poor fellow fumbling through his encyclopedias from morning to night. Another anxious inquirer wishes to know the process of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers ; another inquires if he has just cause to feel insulted when he is asked if *his mother knows he is out* ! And a thousand other equally knotty questions, that neither gods nor men can solve, are answered by the man, or *What is It?* of the *Ledger*. Of this wonderful solver of problems it might with all truth be affirmed, as is said of fortune-tellers in advertisements, *in love matters he never fails*, so sage are his decisions upon all subjects connected with the tender passion and the softer emotions in general.

Then think of the poor fellow, surrounded in his sanctum with heaps of pretty notes—tinted paper, golden edges, monogrammed, reeking with the sweet odors of Pachouli, Night-blooming Cereus, and Balm of a Thousand Flowers—coming across a cranky communication with some such question as this: “If the millionth part of one drop be extracted from the ocean *per day*, when will the great sea disappear altogether?” I fear the readers of the *Ledger* do not fully appreciate all that they get for their six cents. In addition to his duties as manager of the “Answers to Correspondents,” this prodigy of the press finds time to convert John Allen, create the Water-street religious furore, and write biographies of saintly bummers for the magazines!

GREELEY.

One of the strangest of delusions is that of the public with regard to Horace Greeley. He is universally esteemed as a placid philosopher, mild, sedate, broad-brimmed, eating vegetables exclu-

sively, and drinking nothing of a more stimulating nature than milk. But listen to this, *the compliments of the season* from Greeley, the placid vegetarian sage, to William Cullen Bryant, the poet: "You lie, you villain! willfully, wickedly, basely lie!" and much more in the same choice vein of high courtesy. Oh, what a bright light of the Universal Peace Society! Admirers of the Tribune philosopher receive with a calm smile of incredulity, the statement that the Tribune editor beats even an Ohio ex-senator in point of profanity. Oh, what a dignified philosopher! 'T is wonderful if turnips and cold water can so inflame the blood!

ADVERTISEMENTS IN NEWSPAPERS

are not generally read, I believe; yet they often afford highly instructive and amusing reading-matter. The following was inserted *bona fide* in a London newspaper. It gives an exhibition of what John Bull thinks money may buy:

"WANTED.—A sober, steady man as doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife; must occasion-

ally act as barber, and dress hair and wigs ; will be required sometimes to read prayers, and to preach on every Sunday. A good salary." Surely, if the schoolmaster had told the head of *that* family that his child could not learn for lack of natural ability, he would have exclaimed, "Why not, then, get him one, and charge it in the bill!" What vigorous modesty advertisers display when they describe in the papers the wares they have on sale! Every merchant in dry goods and millinery has the largest and most elegant; in groceries, the freshest and choicest; in liquors, the oldest and purest, stock, respectively, of cloths and ribbons, tea and coffee, wine and brandy, ever exposed for sale anywhere. As for prices, no merchant advertising in the papers pretends to sell at a higher price than ten per cent. under the first cost.

"ALL SORTS."

There is a column in most newspapers called *All Sorts, Wit and Wisdom, Chips, Personals*, or what-not, which never fails to interest your true newspa-

per-reader. Here is folly shot as she flies! Here the editor loves to puncture the swollen balloon of humbug and false pretense! If there is any acrimony in the editor's composition, it is sure to betray itself here. If he is a false pretender to wit, oh, what lamentable flounders he makes here, attaining at best puppyism and *smartness*! George D. Prentice used once to supply a column of this sort, headed "Wit and Wisdom," for Bonner's *Ledger*, and it was worth the price of the paper. At the present time the New York *World* has, perhaps, the most readable column of this kind to be found, at least in any of the New York papers. Its wit is generally of the keenest, and the writer, whoever he may be, is not above a pun when a good one offers itself. That was a *hit* he made on Leo Hudson, who plays Mazeppa with the untamed and fiery steed: "She has turned up," he says, "in —ville, with her small animal show—one horse and *two calves*." Leo is a star of the naked drama. A certain evening paper in the interior of the State steals this column from the *World*, day after day, body

and bones, without ever thinking of giving credit for it where credit is due.

Many an able and elaborate leader descends into oblivion unread, its weighty and convincing argument unheeded, whilst trifles light as air, in the *light column*, pass from mouth to mouth, and go the solemn rounds of all the newspapers, greeted with universal applause. And, in truth, the best and most luminous arguments are often not the lengthy ones, but those that are conveyed in a single epithet, which not seldom contains the concentrated essence of many very intricate reasonings.

THE SUBJECT OF BLACK-MAILING

is a topic that would afford no little amusement and instruction, but fortunately we should have to go back into the past to find the most flagrant instances of this practice. Bennett has got the *credit* of having introduced this agreeable feature into American journalism. So far was the practice carried twenty or thirty years ago, that actors and singers, and authors even, must consent to *be bled*

for the benefit of the *press-gang*, else their private character was mercilessly and unscrupulously assailed. The press have acquired decent manners since then, though there is no doubt but that money will still purchase praise or silence.

When Phineas T. Barnum was about to introduce to the world his wondrous living mermaid, he had the papers in advance to publish articles concerning these monsters of the deep, gathering together all that could be anywhere found confirmatory of a belief in them. In due course his mermaid appeared—a monkey with a codfish's tail stitched to his hide. With all his undoubted genius, Barnum would never have had such success were it not for the aid the press afforded him, for a consideration.

But even the *Herald* is no longer the power it once was. Some years ago it attempted to dictate to the managers of all the places of public amusement in the city, in matters where its interference was totally impertinent and uncalled for. To the satanic gentleman's infinite surprise, they threw

aside their allegiance, declared their independence, and, worst of all, agreed together not to advertise in the *Herald* any longer. This resolute course after awhile brought our Thunderer to his senses.

HONORS TO AN EDITOR.

One of the first newspaper editors that ever appeared in England, enjoyed the singular distinction of being conducted in solemn procession around the country, from town to town, the motive power being a cat-o'-nine-tails. Poor fellow! he had only done that which almost every editor since has thought might be done with impunity—he had only uttered libels, and defamed people's characters.

BENNETT'S TRIBULATIONS.

Bennett is, perhaps, the worst flogged man in existence. Captain Marryatt, R. N., says thus of him: "He has been horsewhipped, kicked, trodden under foot; but all this he courts because it brings in money. Horsewhip him, and he will bend his back to the lash and thank you. . . . On the

day after the punishment he will publish a full and particular account of how many kicks, tweaks of the nose, or lashes, he may have received." Indeed, so full and graphic was the account that Bennett published in his paper, of the first beating he got from the hands of James Watson Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, that nine thousand extra copies were sold. A fellow that took his beatings in such exemplary spirit was certain to get a *man's share* of them.

There once lived in Baltimore an editor (his paper was called the *Weekly Observer*) who could justly claim precedence of Bennett as the best flogged man in America. Every Saturday afternoon, as soon as his paper had made its appearance, he was sure of one castigation at least. These beatings, however, becoming in course of time a source of some little annoyance to the worthy editor, he had a high fence or barricade built across his office for his protection. Safely intrenched behind these breastworks, he bid defiance to visitors coming around with clubs and cowhides. On the other

side of this rampart a stout, determined gentleman, with hair cropped off close to the scalp, one day sat him down with the fixed resolve never to budge an inch till he had got satisfaction out of the editor. But the good-humor of the besieged quill-driver overcame the stout gentleman's obstinacy, after he had sat there many hours awaiting his opportunity, and he went away without his revenge.

I can not quit this branch of the subject—though, sooth to say, what I am about to refer to might hang upon any other branch, or on all the branches, for that matter—without reference, in passing, to a grave matter, and one which I approach with some misgivings. I refer to the command, a command oft repeated in the most impressive words, and in the largest capitals—**PAY THE PRINTER!**

But, while defending thus and asserting the rights of the printer, we must not forget the wrongs of another, a much abused party, the reader. It is a foul wrong, nay, it is a heartless

sell—the vilest of practical jokes, to head a dull column of tame, stale items with stunning headlines. The law of architecture must hold good here—your portal must not be grander or statelier than the edifice.

The newsboys, too, have much to answer for, as they are frequently guilty of abusing the confidence of the public. Here is a specimen of what one sometimes endures at their hands: A bitter cold night in winter, a certain person was suddenly aroused from his after-supper reverie by the cry, heard from the street, "Here's yer *Evening Express* extra! Full account of the revolution in England yesterday!" And the screaming herald, in a few pregnant words, summed up a chapter of horrors, enough to satisfy a Turk or a green-clad Fenian. Regardless of the fierce storm of wind and frozen rain, and the break-neck condition of the slippery streets, an ardent hunter of news sallied forth into the outer darkness, and, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting, at a high price, a copy of—a two-days-old paper! . For such offenses

as that, lynch law or martial law alone can supply adequate punishment.

THE DE'IL.

I think there must have been a slight confusion of ideas in the mind of him who first called the printer's messenger, or *angel*, a devil. To be sure the printer's angel is black, but the printer, least of all men, should *throw that in his face*, lest the imp should retort with a—*you're another*. I have somewhere found a string of pleasant verses, purporting to explain the origin of the expression, "printer's devil." They are as follows:

When Faustus at first did his printing begin,
A boy he employed, and confined him within;
Lest perchance, if abroad he were suffered to stroll,
"The gaff he might blow," and discover the whole.
Now those who had seen the poor lad thro' a chink,
All over begrim'd with dirt, paste, oil, and ink,
Declar'd 't was the devil, since no one but he
Could make copies so nice to a tittle agree.
Nay, some went so far as to say that they saw
The horns on his head and his deviishp's paw.


So 't was held at that time, that whate'er was in print
Must be done by the devil, and the devil was in 't.
Thus the name was establish'd; and now, sir, adieu,
But for this information give the devil his due.

NAMES OF NEWSPAPERS.

I consider the topic, names of newspapers, a fruitful field of much profound and philosophic speculation. At first blush it would appear as if the projector of a newspaper might feel himself at liberty to name the bantling just as he pleased; as Mr. Scroggs calls his first-born Agamemnon Themistocles, thus âtoning by the classic resonance of the *given name* for the plebeian homeliness of the patronymic. But the case is far otherwise when a newspaper is to be named. The names of newspapers are not altogether arbitrary designations. There are certain obscure laws regulating the matter, the force of which is plainly felt, though I doubt if any philosopher has hitherto undertaken to ascertain, define, and expound them. The Coryphi of the ancient philosophy fail us in this point, totally; and that for the sufficient reason that

newspapers were all unknown to their days. Their modern disciples and imitators have been so deeply engaged in their own mutual and multifarious disputes, and in trying to settle the fundamental preliminary question, whether there is really any such thing as Being or Truth, that they have not found time to devote to the indagation of this grave and curious, though certainly subordinate, question. This is no fit place for the exposition of new philosophical theories, else, in the absence of better, I might be minded to propose a theory of my own. But, though tempted sorely to strive for the laurel of philosophy, I must defer the attempt to a more favorable opportunity.

You need but know the name of a paper called, *Herald of Freedom*, or *Day-spring of Liberty*, to enable you shrewdly to guess to what philosophic school it owes its allegiance. All *Heralds of Freedom* wear the hair exceeding long; and Graham bread, vegetable diet, and cold water, are their victuals and drink. They have ever so much to say about grand principles; though, truth to




tell, they are generally poor, seedy ex-preachers, or ex-schoolmasters, or ex-something or other—generally ex-ploded—and who never were very successful in any rational pursuit. And now they think they have, though sadly out at elbows, a heavenly mission, crazy though they be, to set this poor crazy world of ours to rights.

Is it not a noticeable and wonderful circumstance, that, as soon as a poor scarecrow of a dyspeptic hears this call, he hugs to his bosom all modern absurdities, extravagances, and eccentricities of belief and conduct? It is not enough for him that he preaches the evangel of universal world-freedom. No! he must be a table-tipper to boot; and a water-cure man, and a free-lover, or an Oneida communist—and the colder his diet the warmer his amativeness! His practice would almost seem to impeach the truth of that, *In vino luxuria*. With all these and other vagaries, too numerous to mention in detail, he addles his brain, and plays the very mischief with this poor, passive, staid English tongue.

NEWS, CUI BONO?

The above question was proposed to himself by the sage of the *Spectator*, and he could not answer it satisfactorily. It were presumption unpardonable to attempt an answer here. If, however, we were to attribute the craving for news to that natural sympathy we have for one another, perhaps the answer to the question might not be very difficult. Yet I fear our avidity for *the news* is not all due to sympathy for our fellow-men, and that this craving is an unhealthy disposition of mind.

The editor of a newspaper occupies a post of high responsibility. His words reach where neither the voice of the preacher nor of the moralist can penetrate. His columns afford reading to the family gathered about the hearth. He is the teacher of old and young alike, and the field of his influence is growing larger from day to day. What a shame it is, then, to find newspapers, otherwise respectable, defiled with those foul blots, those incentives to immorality—certain police reports,



certain advertisements of immoral tendency, accounts of brutal prize-fights, and other atrocities, the reporting of which can surely serve no good purpose. As too generally conducted, newspapers can not safely be placed in the hands of the young and the innocent, and more's the pity; for it can not be denied that the newspaper is a mighty engine for good when properly directed. But, though there is yet much to be desired, we have reason to be grateful that our lot is cast in a newspaper-reading age.

What is to determine a man's choice between one newspaper and another? Some will say, their respective *political* views and tendencies; another, their respective *religious* principles; others will say, their *stories*, and these naturally take the *Ledger*. Still others will say, their ability and learning, or their taste in the use of the scissors. The farmer will have his paper devoted to farming interests. The fanatic will have his organ and oracle. Must I pay for, and take in, and read stupid trash, and drivel, and inconsequence, simply

because an editor happens to be of one creed with me? Or, must I pay for bosh and platitude because an editor claims to be an expounder of my political principles? No newspaper has a right to support on any other grounds than its own merit. Its profession of religion, or of political principles, must not save it from contempt if otherwise it deserves it.

Some humorous genius has summed up for us in rhyme the contents of all newspapers, and his lines will fitly bring this essay to an end. He is asked, "What are newspapers?" and replies:

WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy;

Whatever it be,
They hit on the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of flying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy—
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy—
 A logic so grand,
 That few understand
To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
 And lengthy debate
 Upon matters of state,
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and are, my boy,
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy ;
 And every week
 A clever critique
Of some rising theatrical star, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,
Banish'd by somebody's pills, my boy,
 Till you ask with surprise,
 Why any one dies,
Or what 's the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
 Who has had birth
 On this sorrow-stain'd earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.

The prices of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy—
But 't would take me too long
To tell you in song,
A quarter of all they contain, my boy.



IRELAND;

A LECTURE FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

[illegible]



V.

. . . . O mighty Lord ! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land !
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate !

Mangan tr.



HE sacred deposit of Christian and Catholic truth guarded with unwavering fidelity by an entire nation for ages, through a storm of persecution unequalled in the world's history for violence and pertinacity ; the faith once

delivered to the Apostles prized above all worldly possessions, and loved so ardently, cherished with such constancy, that a nation became strangers in their own land rather than give it up ; an obedience to the divine command so complete, so unquestioning, so unfaltering, that it may well be compared with Abraham's obedience, when he was required to forsake his country and wander into a strange land ; differing, however, from the patriarch's obedience chiefly in this, that there was no distinct promise heard by them, as there was by Abraham, that they should certainly receive an hundred-fold in return for the sacrifice they made. Such is the glorious spectacle to which I would have you direct your gaze to-day. It is a spectacle most worthy of your admiration ; nay, it will challenge the admiration of angels and of men forever.

The example of Ireland stands alone and unrivaled in history ; not that I would assert that she alone remained faithful in a time of apostasy and schism, for that were untrue ; but she has been steadfast in the Catholic religion under greater

trials than other countries have been visited with. All classes of the people, too, were equally true; the Episcopacy could not be bribed to betray their high trust; the Priesthood could not be won by flattery to give up the old faith; the rich and noble were not to be terrified by confiscations; the poor were ready to die rather than change their religion. Therefore it is that we lay claim to the merit of extraordinary constancy for our dear land. Therefore it is that Ireland's long-continued resistance to the efforts of her enemy, during seven hundred years, to break her spirit, to exterminate and destroy our race, to undermine the religious belief of the people, to efface the national characteristics, are to-day the wonder of the world, and command for our poor isle the sympathies of all Christendom. Nay more, this invincible constancy of the people of Ireland stands out in full view of the world as an evident lesson to every man that is willing to read and study it—the most potent demonstration that we can conceive of the truth and divine origin of our Savior's teaching. It is an incontrovertible proof that our

holy religion, the religion of Ireland, is from God, since she can influence an entire nation to overlook all worldly and selfish interests for her sake.

Well may the children of Ireland glory that they belong to a nation thus distinguished. Well may we glory that we are disciples of a religion whose power over the minds of men, and whose sweet influence on the hearts of men, are the undoubted evidence of her divine authority, and an assurance of divine guidance. The arch which spans the heavens is no surer token of God's continued mercy to the human race, than is Ireland's constancy in the faith a token of God's providence working through the Church for man's eternal welfare.

Let other nations exult in their military fame, their heroic achievements, their splendid conquests; let them rejoice in their present prosperity, their advancement in commerce, in the arts; in a word, in their material and social progress. All civilized lands surpass poor Erin in these regards. Famine, and beggary, and ruin, are her portion. And, though she be signally favored in point of natural

advantages, the malice of her enemies more than counterbalances them, making her the very home of wretchedness: an Eden made a charnel-house. Yet is she in all her lowliness, in all her wretchedness, worthy of all honor from her sons and from the whole world, for, wretched as she is, her fame is untarnished; like her pure daughters, misery serves but to make her stronger against temptations.

She is poor, because she would not accept the wealth that might have been hers, on condition of sacrificing her faith and her honor; she is wretched and oppressed, because her people would still be Irishmen and Catholics, clinging ever fondly to the sacred traditions of their forefathers and to the religion of Ireland's first Apostle. And wherever, throughout the world, constancy is deemed a virtue; wherever the religion of Christ is held in reverence; wherever resistance to unjust oppression is in esteem, there poor Ireland, the Niobe of nations, is beloved and revered. For it is better to be true to conscience and to God, and steadfast in faith, than to abound in this world's goods; nay,

better even than to stand at the summit of human enlightenment.

What, must I feel called upon to prove the excellence of divine faith, the absolute necessity of it for the welfare of the individual and of society? Shall I be required to prove the paramount importance of eternal interests? Need it to be demonstrated to you, at this late day in the history of Christianity, that God's truth is of infinitely greater worth than all that the world possesses besides? And it is chiefly because Ireland would not abandon the truth of God, the teachings of the Catholic Church, the faith of Saint Patrick, that she is to-day under the heel of an oppressor.

Here will we rest the defense of Ireland when she is assailed, and the defense is all-sufficient. She has lost—more, she has sacrificed all that is esteemed as of value in time in order to hold fast to the things that appertain to eternity.

To all the nations of earth the same call went forth, to enroll themselves under the banner of the Cross; but among the nations that at one time or

another obeyed that summons very many afterwards proved unfaithful, and, as far as in them lay, thwarted the divine idea. The great Apostolic Churches of the East, where now is their glory? Antioch, where first the followers of Jesus were, after him, called Christians; Jerusalem, which saw his daily walk in her public places, affords but a precarious abode to his followers to-day: his religion is barely permitted to exist there; the Churches of Asia, which Saint Paul established—*Ichabod!* their glory hath departed!

Then Alexandria and Constantinople—the one the seat of Christian learning and philosophy, the other the rival even of Rome for imperial and pontifical honors—all, all have fallen away from the Christian religion, so that now scarce a remnant is left faithful, and a conquest must be made over again, doubly difficult now, for they have proved themselves unworthy of the heavenly gift by their recreancy and their apostasy.

Then the churches which were added to the fold of the One Shepherd in the West, and which per-

severed for a longer time, or fell not away at all from the faith. England, once called the Isle of Saints, has scarce any regard left for the purity and fullness of the religion of Christ. That Church threw off the yoke of Christ, and has since been advancing by degrees to the utter denial, even in high places, of the cardinal truths of Christianity. Germany was once well-nigh totally lost to the faith, until by the mercy of God, through the strenuous exertions of a band of zealous men, very much lost ground was recovered, and wavering minds were confirmed. Italy, Spain, and France were spared the curse of heresy chiefly by the exertion of their civil rulers.

The land which was fit for the reception of Christ's doctrine, without having been enriched with the martyr's blood, alone among the nations stumbled not nor faltered in those darksome days. No bribes could allure that people of Ireland; no persecutions availed to conquer them; no privations could shake their constancy in the faith. Though for upward of two centuries they were as a flock

without a shepherd ; though penal laws made recurrence to Rome, the center of Catholic unity, the seat of authority, most precarious, and all but impossible, yet never for a moment did they waver in their fealty to the See of Peter. When the religion of Ireland was forced to take refuge in caverns in the earth, or in the inaccessible fastnesses of desert mountains, and appeared in their eyes stripped of all the decorous splendor and pomp of ceremonial which so befit her, the faithful people revered her all the more for her lowly estate and her dire distress ; and they honored the minister of religion, the ambassador of heaven, with deepest veneration, at the very time when, in a worldly sense, he was least deserving of regard.

Though there was no court of inquisition established there to check false and dangerous teaching ; and though there were no pains and penalties appointed there to make men perforce adhere to the Church, still were they ever faithful—still did they cleave to the teaching of Saint Patrick—still

were they, what they are to-day, the chivalrous maintainers of true loyalty, loyalty to God, and conscience, and truth; who, rejecting considerations of interest, of comfort, or temporal advantage, refused to abandon the religion of their fathers.

As the waves of the boisterous Atlantic roll around Ireland, and yet she is not engulfed, so amid the tempest of schism, and heresy, and persecution, she stands intact. At the fall of the Roman empire a flood of barbarism swept over continental Europe. Its tide was surging round the Isle of Saints, yet, like the ark of Noah, she rode out the fierce storm in safety. Then opened a glorious career for the Irish race; the faith, which had been transplanted from Italy and France, had now taken firm root in Ireland, so that she came to be called the Isle of Saints. From the schools and the monasteries of Ireland went forth an army of holy missionaries to do battle, in the name of Christ, against the hordes of barbarism that were ravaging the neighboring countries—to stem and turn aside the torrent that threatened

to sweep away every vestige of civilization and religion.

Irish saints, Irish heralds of the Gospel, carried the teachings of Saint Patrick, and the fame of his virtues, through Germany, Switzerland, France, and Northern Italy, and their names are to this day illustrious in those distant lands. Monasteries which they founded came to be called by their names, and the hamlets, villages, towns, and cities, which, in course of time, sprung up around the religious inclosures, bear to this day the names of holy men of Irish blood.

To the Chair of Peter and to Ireland, Isle of Saints, the eyes and the hearts of the Christian world turned in hope during the disastrous times of barbarian invasion. When the fierce hordes of the North reveled in the spoils of prostrate Rome, and when science, literature, religion, were exiled from their continental home, they fled for refuge to the Emerald Isle. Her great schools were numerous attended by the youth of many countries, but especially of Britain, who flocked to the abode

of the exiled arts in Ireland. Well she guarded the sacred prize; wide she opened the portal of hospitality to the holy and the wise of every nation, driven from their own homes by the barbarian invasions. High was the destiny, glorious the mission, of Ireland during the first period of her Christian history, from the fifth century to the twelfth.

She was one of the great missionary powers of the world, commissioned by the Apostles of Jesus Christ to go forth and teach all nations, and to bear witness, before kings and potentates, to the divinity of the religion which she had received from the teaching of her own Apostle, Saint Patrick. But, from the twelfth century down to our own day, her mission would seem to be directed to a double purpose, viz., *to suffer*, and *to evangelize*; to be bleeding in her heart, and yet to have the glad tidings of salvation on her lips; to have the iron heel of oppression on her neck, and the chains of bitter servitude on her limbs, and yet, like the crushed flower, to be emitting the fra-

grance of beautiful virtues to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Her national independence is gone. Misery has been a dweller in her homes for full six hundred years; but withal, from her crushed and bleeding heart, she sends out the streams of her life and blood to water the soil of foreign lands. Indeed,

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

What pen can write the mournful story of wrong and affliction, which is the history of Ireland now for ages? The whole world has heard it full many a time, and is familiar with it; yet the tale is ever new, and the world will listen with sympathy to the wail of Ireland again and again, until some measure of justice is done her.

Ireland received the Christian religion without shedding the martyr's blood, and this is one of the chief glories of that faithful isle. But the time was to come when the Irish people were to become a nation of martyrs and confessors of the faith. The ingenuity of their oppressors was exhausted in

inventing exquisite punishment for them; and never did human malice go further to compass the extinction of a nation, and to eradicate in them every virtuous sentiment, every cherished principle, than in the case of Ireland. Every instrument of torture was employed; every appliance of mental anguish, every taunt and insult that may break the spirit of man, every ingenious mode of subduing their will, was employed. The rack, the gibbet, the halter, the triangle, the lash—these were the strong arguments England used; first, to show them what a sin they were guilty of in being Irish, and of standing in the way of the British; and then, in being staunch Catholics! These were the instruments by means of which Ireland was lovingly to be wooed into loyalty to England, and into a change of religion!

It is, therefore, an erroneous view of Irish grievances which would consider them as due, solely and altogether, to the difference of religion between the two countries, Ireland and England; this difference merely intensified and embittered the animosity

with which the two nations had already, for centuries, regarded each other. The lot of Ireland was grievous enough before religious discord, *religious hate* (what a hideous contradiction !) had entered on the field ; but, when these new elements were added, there ensued a series of horrors and atrocities, long continued, enough to make a man blush for our common humanity. Would that the day had arrived when the insults of foreign domination on Irish soil, when the shameless imposition of a foreign Church, when the daily oppressions of foreign masters, were at an end forever ! Then oblivion might envelop the woes of seven hundred years, and we should no more be accused of making these piteous appeals *ad misericordiam*. But as long as oppression and injustice continue to characterize England's treatment of Ireland, so long will our complaints be heard ; and if men will not listen, we will make them to heaven all the same.

British hatred for Ireland, from the very beginning of their unhappy relations, was so hearty, so

genuine, so undisguised, that, in the laws regarding Ireland, made in the English parliament, and in the official documents, the Irish are solemnly called, *The king's Irish enemy*; and this, even when they happened to be fighting on the king's side—even when they were the king's standard-bearers.

That glorious revolution in England which lopped off the head of Charles I, brought new woes upon Ireland. The shop-keepers of London were induced to advance money to provide an army for the suppression of Irish discontent, with the distinct understanding that the lands and tenements of the dispossessed rebels were to fall to them. And the army itself eventually received its pay in the same shape. For nine months the dread Oliver Cromwell was loose in Ireland. His name is still a name of terror, and an evil omen in the land; and the peasants still speak of *the curse of Cromwell*, meaning the extreme of violence and devastation.

Priests, the ministers of the religion of Ireland, were hunted as noxious beasts are wont to be hunted; and a price was set upon their heads as

upon the head of a wolf. God's command requires the son to reverence his father, but inhuman monsters presumed to reverse that command in Ireland, holding out rewards to the child who would dishonor his father and betray him. This was the grand invention of *religious* hate. This was unheard of in Ireland before the Reformation of religion in the sixteenth century. The Protestant son of a recusant Catholic father was empowered to seize his father's estate, and to drive his sire out upon the world without a penny, without a shelter for his aged head. Then it was that the Irish conceived their marvelous love for what is called the Established Church in Ireland!

The people were driven from the holdings their forefathers had possessed from immemorial time; and the Roundhead lorded it with vulgar insolence in the ancestral halls of the outlawed Celtic or Norman chief. Then were the people stigmatized as rebels, whereas they were truly loyal—loyal to principle—loyal to God. Then were they reputed as savage beasts, and so pursued. And the blood-

hounds in human shape that mercilessly chased them, thought, in their heartlessness, that they had all-sufficient justification for their atrocious cruelties in the fact that their victims were, as they called them, *mere Irish*, the *Irishry*. The people were purposely goaded and stimulated to rebellion, so that their barbarous masters might have at least a color of right to exterminate them.


For generations after the first British invasion of Ireland under Strongbow, in the time of Henry II, of England, the laws pretended not to afford any protection whatever to the lives and property of *mere* Irishmen. Thus, if an Englishman was charged with having murdered an Irishman, it was the sufficient defense of the murderer to prove that his victim belonged to the proscribed race. This was the rule and the law for such cases made and provided, and not at all the exception, as you might imagine. Edward III sat upon the throne of England when that law was made. But, lest the murdering of the *Irishry* should be carried on with too

much shamelessness, or else in order *to preserve the game*, as it were, and make the sport too expensive for the vulgar sort to engage in it, a fine of *five marks* was to be imposed upon the offender (?) for his peccadillo. This fine, however, was but rarely collected, our brethren from over the water generally enjoying their rare sport without money and without price. But deer and other game were more stringently preserved.

In the year 1367 it was enacted—(with a view, no doubt, to promote good feeling between the two races in Ireland, and to diffuse the sweet spirit of Christian charity, which the English, under Henry II, came into Ireland to restore, *as per letters apostolical doth clearly appear*)—it was enacted that Englishmen in Ireland marrying Irish wives, should be first half strangled by hanging; then disemboweled; and all their property was confiscated! Such were the penalties in vogue during the *good old times*! Such were the graces of the religion of Christ, which adorned the gospel missionaries of England in Ireland at that

day! Our Mohawks, Sioux, and Camanches, are but imitators, more or less faithful, of English models.

But, in spite of the extreme measures adopted to keep the two races, the conquerors and the conquered, at enmity and apart, it was found that the English in Ireland too easily associated and amalgamated with the natives. As long as any remnant of the Irish race, with their cordial manner, their buoyant disposition, and their manifold social good qualities, remained in the land, it was plain that there was no hope for a purely English ascendancy. The English, nilly-willy, became Irish, and even more Irish than the very Irish themselves. One writer, in Henry the Eighth's time, as if he saw with prophetic vision the noble form of the gallant LORD EDWARD looming up in the then distant future, made this assertion: "There never will be peace and order in Ireland till the blood of the *Gerolds* be wholly extinct"—he means such peace and order as the English wanted—*solitudinum faciunt, pacem appellant*—the peace and order that



would reign there, if all the people were put to the sword.

That was no new-found idea of Cromwell's—shutting up the Irish in the district lying between the Shannon and the sea. It was indeed almost the first plan that the English conquerors proposed to themselves, after securing a foothold on Irish soil. But for ages they had their hands so full, defending the *English pale*, as the territory was called, which they had secured for themselves, lying between the Barrow, the Boyne, and the sea; and the minds of English kings were so constantly engaged in their continual wars with France, and the war of the Roses had given the English nation such abundant occupation at home, that the opportunity was not easily found of carrying out this their benevolent design toward *the king's highness's Irish enemies*. It is to be hoped that like distractions may occupy them again, *just once*; and then—But Cromwell commenced the good work in earnest, and it was no fault of that godly man if the project was not fully executed.

In Henry the Eighth's time the humane proposition was seriously entertained of cutting off the entire Irish race with fire and sword—young and old, men and women, root and branch—not leaving a soul of them all alive, even in Connaught ; a fact which shows that painters sometimes lay on the lampblack rather too thick, when they paint his sable majesty. You see that the Lord Protector Cromwell might have been blacker than he actually was. *He* proposed to reserve Connaught, with restrictions, for the Irish ; Henry would only give them *that other alternative* ! But, on trial, it was found that this little plan of utter extermination, though it looked as neat and complete as you please, on paper, was, when the essay was made to put it in practical execution, full of difficulties and inconveniences, and even danger ; all which circumstances made prudence desirable ! Thus do

The best-made plans of mice and men
Gang aft aglee !

It was found, for instance, that Irishmen, somehow, could kill and exterminate as well as English-

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men. And, what was worse, that Irishmen somehow contrived to protract life, and go on living, in regions which British bands had wasted with fire and sword; in fact, they could live upon nothing, and without any visible means of support, and still be able to give and take hard knocks, with their accustomed good nature! So our dear brethren, our enemies, concluded that the Irish must live on a little longer; at least, until some better plan of getting rid of them should be devised. And for the fact that any men of the Irish race are in existence to-day, we have to thank, not any clemency on the part of our would-be exterminators, for clemency indeed they had not; but we have to thank the mercy of God, and the iron frame of our forefathers, who, by some means, contrived to live, whereas, according to all rules, they should have died, and put England under lasting obligations.

But though it was found impossible to exterminate the people totally, in one grand *battue*, no effort was spared to do it piecemeal. The poet Edmund Spenser got a castle and a large estate in the

* county of Cork from Queen Elizabeth. He was an eye-witness of the horrors attendant upon war, as carried on in Ireland by his countrymen. He writes with some feeling about what he saw, yet he advised a continuance of the same atrocities, as the only effectual means of securing British ascendancy and power in Ireland.

Some men are constitutionally sympathetic to that degree that their sensibilities appear to be deeply moved, and they shed tears, if they only see a fly crushed to death; and yet the self-same persons will, the next moment, perhaps, give orders, and see that they are obeyed, for the ruin of a country, and the extermination of its inhabitants. This curious contradiction is not uncommon, and has been observed to exist in the characters of the grimmest monsters of cruelty. It is some satisfaction that this lackadaisical sympathizer, Spenser, had the grief to see his ill-got castle ill-gone, burnt down by *rebels*, and himself dispossessed of his broad acres, and sent on his travels back to England, there to die in poverty. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

But here is Edmund Spenser's testimony as to what he saw in Ireland:

"After one year and a half of war, the Irish were brought to such wretchedness as any stony heart would have rued the sight. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came forth on their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death, and spoke like ghosts coming out of their grave. They flocked to a plot of water-cresses as to a feast, and eat dead carrion—happy when they could find it, and soon after scrap'd the very carcasses out of their graves." The gentle poet recommends the Earl of Essex to prosecute the war after the same plan which led to this shocking state of affairs. Other horrors, as revolting as those which Edmund Spenser here records, were witnessed during that and other wars waged for the securing of English supremacy in Ireland. But why should I recount them?

The model and moral army of the Commonwealth in Ireland, who were wont to read their Bibles as regularly as they took their meals, and whose cap-

tains preached and ripped up papists by turns, perceiving what a goodly country Ireland was, resolved to dwell there for the remainder of their lives, as in a land promised to them from above, and this with the pure intention of rooting out popery and superstition, and peopling the island with a God-fearing population, made after their own fashion. There was, to be sure, one slight obstacle in the way of the army getting possession of the lands of the Irishry, viz.: that said land belonged of right to those Irishry, and by no means to the soldiery. But this little difficulty was easily obviated by an argument rigidly syllogistic. Here was their legerdemain of logic employed by Puritans to oust the Irish :

“*Resolved*, That the earth is the Lord’s, and the fullness thereof.

“*Resolved*, That the Lord hath transferred his title to the saints.

“*Resolved*, That we are the saints,” etc.

Though there is a rather arrogant *petitio principii* in the third *resolve*, still the whole series is conspicuous for its modesty.

There were other claimants, however, besides the soldiers for these confiscated lands, namely, the London shop-keepers, who had raised the funds to send the army over. There is a sort of honor among thieves and cut-throats, and so it was agreed among these two sets of godly wolves to make a square division of the victim, each party to take its proportionate share. And here is how they divided the spoils of Ireland between them :

Every Irishman and every inhabitant of Ireland, except the saints themselves, were *ipso facto* deemed vile traitors, enemies of the Parliament, and of course their lands were confiscated. If any one, however, could prove, to a court of Puritan colonels and cormorants, sitting in judgment at Loughrea, that he was and had ever been truly loyal, then of course he was permitted to retain his estate entire, *provided he was not Irish*. If he was Irish, he must forfeit the estate, but he was to get in return, acre for acre, in Connaught. Now, I must say that nothing could be fairer than that arrangement ; it was, in fact, beautifully just and equitable, perfectly

so. Why not, indeed? And if any poor goose should happen to be brought up before a High Commission of grave foxes, sitting to try him for some misdemeanor, and to hear him show cause why he should not go into their larder, and should then prove, to the satisfaction of their honors, that he was, and ever had been, a harmless poor goose, who had never harbored even a thought against the majesty of the law or their honors' worships, such a goose would doubtless be let go scot-free, and restored to all his ancient rights and privileges unplucked, for their lordships would starve rather than do an injustice to any goose.

With equal impartiality, with quite as little suspicion of rapacity, did this worshipful court of Puritan Reynards sit in judgment on the Irish, at the town of Loughrea. But so utterly rebellious were those Irish *rebels*, so disloyal, that not one in ten thousand—no, not one at all—could show, to the satisfaction of that High Commission, that the *series of his carriages*—as they called his course of conduct—was innocent and void of offense! But

almost divine was the forbearance and mercy of those pious and God-fearing men, even toward guilty rebels! They would not cut off the entire nation, at least not at once! They therefore decreed, that if the *accused* (*accused* of being Irish) had been actively engaged in the rebellion, they lost *all* their property. If they had given aid and comfort to the Commonwealth's enemies, the same sentence was passed. If they had not been *very* active against the rebels, they forfeited a third, if Catholics; a fifth, if Protestants; the remaining fifths and thirds they were to retain—in Connaught, if they could get it.

When these little preliminaries had been agreed upon, the next business in order was parceling the land out and distributing it among the saints. The island was divided into four portions.

1. The first portion consisted of the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, and Cork. This, together with all the towns, churches, and church lands, was reserved for the government.

2. One-half of the land in ten counties was given

to the Adventurers, as they were called (*i. e.*, the London shop-keepers), in payment of their claim of £360,000, viz.: Waterford, Limerick, Tipperary, Meath, Westmeath, King's, Queen's, Antrim, Down, Armagh.

3. Connaught, with Clare, was reserved for the Irish, a sort of domestic Van Dieman's land; and the godly Oliver was pleased graciously to give the people their choice between the western province and the infernal regions, saying, with rare humor, *To hell or Connaught!* This gave the Irish about one-sixth of the island—too much altogether; so the two counties of Leitrim and Sligo were given to the gallant soldiers, leaving for the Irish Mayo, Roscommon, Galway, and Clare.

4. The remainder of the country was given to the army, in satisfaction of all claims for back pay.

Thus it was proposed to drive the Irish into Connaught, and there do for them—well, as generously as such mere Irish deserved! Connaught, with Clare, is entirely surrounded by the sea and the river Shannon, all but ten miles, and it was

therefore an easy matter to keep the Irish hemmed in there, when once they should be transported thither. A strip or belt of territory all around this district, along the line of sea and river, was to be settled and occupied by the veterans ; and forts were to be built to guard the gap of ten miles of frontier unprotected by either ocean or river. There were towns in Connaught, but the Irishry must have no share or lot in them ; they must give a wide berth to those sanctuaries of the godly Puritans, and must not come nearer than five miles' distance to any walled town. The penalty for an infraction of this order was *death*. And if any Irishman escaped out of Connaught into the English territory, he was to be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Rather than be pent up thus in Connaught, the flower of the youth of Ireland left their native land forever, and entered the military service of the various European powers. They could do nothing more for the beloved land of their birth ; they could only remember the old home under foreign skies,

and deal stout blows at England's power on alien fields, and teach their children to love the old land and to hate England.

“Remember thee? Yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrows, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.
Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder and happier brow;
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?
No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.”

Upward of 40,000 men at arms left the shores of Ireland, between the years 1651 and 1654, to enter foreign service, principally that of the king of Spain. The descendants of these and of Irish emigrants of a later period hold at this day no mean station in the courts and armies of European princes. They went with a vengeance then, the gay and the brave chivalry of Ireland; and ever since Ireland's constant prayer to Heaven is that

they may come back to the mother-land *with a vengeance*. When famine, some twenty years ago, was wasting us in the old land, and fever and pestilence raged, and emigrant ships were weighted down to the guards with poor exiles, seeking anywhere, every-where, a home and shelter, then the mouthpiece of English public opinion, the *Times*, blurted out, with brutal honesty, its savage exultation, in these memorable words: "THE IRISH ARE GOING WITH A VENGEANCE!"

It was seen that there would be all the more room on the green isle to pasture cattle and sheep to cram John Bull's insatiable maw. Famine, pestilence, and emigration threatened to sweep the land clean of the hated Irish. But we propose to hold that land forever still, and before long we intend to have it entered in our own name. We will always have a strong garrison there, to hold Ireland for the Irish. We still hope that we shall one day return *with a vengeance*, fired with just and divine vengeance, to chastise the infamous power of England for centuries of misrule and outrage.

May God speed the day! An Irishman naturally loves the profession of arms, and there is one all-powerful incentive to arms which he can not resist. It is the reflection that perhaps he might one day, as a SOLDIER, be in a position to strike home for his country's altars and her fires, God and native land. Yes, please God, we shall be back with a vengeance. But, oh! when shall we be able to say—

“ We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us;
The friends we've tried are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us?”

A pious Puritan officer, in an address before his Excellency, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, proved, by adducing many passages of Scripture, that it was the Lord's will that the Irish should have no choice left them but hell or Connaught. He had much to say about *Jebeusites* and *Pherezites*, and *smiting hip and thigh*. Accordingly, it was on the 26th day of September, in the year of grace 1653, that our dear brethren, the Puritans, decreed that the whole Irish nation should transplant to Connaught, and

they were mercifully allowed as much as eight months to do it in. But as forbearance even hath its limits, and as the Irish might be slow about going (as was only natural), it was, after prayer and much nasal psalm-singing, ordained that any of the Irish found on the east side of the Shannon after May 1, 1654, should swing, and their carcasses be food for vultures.

After further consultation, it was judged advisable to banish to hell or Connaught only the following classes, to wit :

“ All swordsmen, including all who had attended muster, or who had kept watch and ward ; ” which must have comprised nearly the whole able-bodied male population. The remainder might stay and be slaves to godly masters.

The transplanted consisted largely of the descendants of the original Norman conquerors, who came over from England with Strongbow : Butlers, De Burgos, Plunkets, D’Arcys, Barnwells, Boyles, Fitzgeralds, Boyces, Dillons, Powers, Cheevers, etc. Spenser, grandson of the poet, was set down as *an*

Irish papist (Heavens! how men degenerate!), and he was ordered off to hell or Connaught with *the other Irish*, Oliver Cromwell himself having in vain interfered in his behalf. (Our garrison in Ireland will have no difficulty, therefore, in recruiting!)

It is estimated that in ten years five-sixths of the population of Ireland perished by the sword or by famine and pestilence, and one might have traveled twenty or thirty miles and seen no living thing except birds and beasts of prey. Wolves began to multiply as the people disappeared, and a reward of £5 was paid for the head of a wolf. At the same time, the market price for the head of a priest was ten pounds, and from that up, according to the rank or influence of the man to whom the head naturally belonged. A *tory's* head (*tory* means guerillero in Irish) was valued at from two to twenty pounds, according to his rank. Sometimes, in accordance with the provisions of the law of supply and demand, the quotations for priests', wolves', and tories' heads varied more or less from the prices

just given, but a priest's head, *fair to prime*, would always fetch from ten to twenty pounds sterling. During the continuance of Cromwell's wars in Ireland, whenever the native forces submitted on conditions, the priests were never included, but they had to take whatever fate the victor awarded them. To harbor a priest was death, and yet the priest was ever not alone in the homes but in the hearts of the people, and no bribes could induce them to give him up.

British eyes have become so accustomed to rolling up in horror at the *sin of slavery*, and other sins of *other folks*, that I verily believe they are all white now, and no pupil. It was not always so. The agents of the Bristol sugar merchants, in the time of the Commonwealth, used to hunt for slaves in Ireland, precisely in the same way as African man-catchers hunt to this day. Women, girls, and boys were sent off by the shiploads to the plantations in the West Indies. If England would direct her attention to the things that are at home, she would find more objects for her

benevolence than she has benevolence for the objects of it.

Thus, then, it was that Cromwell proposed to settle this troublesome IRISH QUESTION (which is not settled yet, indeed, nor is it likely to be until we settle it ourselves). The able-bodied youth were exiled to Spain and other countries of Europe; and compliance with the old command, *crescite et multiplicamini*, on the part of those who were at home, soon rendered *that* measure useless. Then, the mass of the people were shut up behind the Shannon. Children were kidnapped and sent over seas into the most odjous slavery, *and worse*. The clergy were hunted with dogs like wild beasts. The poor remnant left in their old homes were treated with contumely and brutality.

Now, why this savagery? Why this tiger-like ferocity and thirst for the blood of fellow-creatures? Perhaps the two races were mutually antagonistic, mutually hostile. But no! The descendants of the original English adventurers soon became assimilated to the Irish of Celtic race, and united with

them; were bound up in the most friendly and intimate relations with them of marriage and gossip-red. In time they came to love the Irish of Celtic stock, to be themselves Irish, and, as was said specially of the Geraldines, they became more Irish than the Irish themselves, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*. The old English or Norman families adopted Irish manners, Irish costume, Irish language,

“That tongue which godlike heroes spoke,
Which Oram, Ullin, Ossian, sung;
The tongue which spurn'd the Roman yoke,
When thralldom o'er the world was flung.”

Their escutcheons have as often a Gaelic as a Norman-French motto. They had Irish hearts, Irish fire, Irish passions, Irish truth—in a word, this Irishry of theirs was indeed the ruin of them! Had they but remained English all would have been well with them! But how could they remain English, exclusive, cold, living as they did among the warm-hearted Gael? How, indeed, could they remain English, when the very kings of England, who, perhaps, never snuffed the Irish air *at all at*

all, were themselves becoming Irish, and making *bulls* as naturally as if they had been born to it. There is no example of an *Irish bull* more exquisite, more *native*, than that of the kings of England calling their very Irish allies, *the king's Irish enemies!*

Ah, it was not because the Irish were such unruly savages (as the English would represent them) that it became necessary to exterminate them. They were to be got out of the way so that Englishmen might get possession of the land. An English occupation of Ireland for the sole benefit of true Englishmen, and for the aggrandizement of England—that was the end to be attained at all hazards. Therefore, the Gælic Irish, and the Irish of English origin of every immigration, must depart from their homes; and the O'Neils, O'Harras, O'Sullivan, O'Reillys, O'Connors, O'Donnells, O'Gradys, O'Mooneys, O'Donoghues, O'Dogherty, with the McCarthys, McHales, McCahills, McGuires, McMurroghs, must emigrate to hell or Connaught in company with their partners in one

misfortune, the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, the Maxwells, the Ffrenches, the Rogers, the Le Poers, the De Lacys, the Tracys, the Plunkets, for they were all Irish alike, and all papists, one as bad as the other!

When the officers of the army deliberated in council about the manner of dividing the land between the various regiments of horse, foot, and dragoons, and the military train, they decided that they should cast lots, these Christian warriors declaring that "they would rather take a lot upon a barren mountain, as a portion from the Lord, than a portion in the most fruitful valley upon their own choice." Yet, when it was found that the lots apportioned out the mountain and lake districts of Kerry to some of them, they were found to be not quite as resigned as saints ought to have been. So their language suddenly was filled with Flanders epithets, and they tried hard to have a better selection made for them. But the authorities were inexorable; and, with a spice of humor not quite ungrateful to *us*, bid them be content with *what the*

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Lord had assigned to them. The O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLENS, whose domain comprised the land in question, must have smiled a grim smile when he heard the sweet saints cursing the allotment. I'll warrant you it half compensated to him the loss of his lands.

The good and godly work of depopulation went on apace, and the wolves commenced increasing so rapidly as to threaten in a short time to make the country their own. Irishmen emigrating to foreign lands were, therefore, forbidden to carry their favorite hounds, or wolf-dogs, away with them, that famous breed, the Irish wolf-dog, being then in urgent request in its poor wasted native land. Nothing but ruin and desolation was to be met with throughout the country. Tempting inducements were held out to immigrants from Protestant countries in Europe—land at moderate rates, exemption from taxes for a term of years, and sundry other privileges.

A certain Mr. Harrison, an influential preacher, then residing in New England, was entreated to

come over to Ireland, to spy out the land, and see what a pleasant home it would afford to any of his Yankee friends that might be inclined to cross the water and settle in Ireland. They were, of course, promised entire freedom of worship, and, in addition, they were to have "the advantage of convenient lands, fit for husbandry, in healthful air, near to maritime towns and secure places, with such encouragement from the state as should demonstrate that it was their chief care to plant Ireland with a godly seed and generation." Mr. Harrison, as it would appear, failed to come over in person, preferring, no doubt, to preach his gospel to Penobscots and Passamaquoddies; but some of the New Englanders thought well of the offer, as proposals came in, in January, 1655, for the planting of the town of *Sligo*, and the lands surrounding it, with families from New England. A lease, also, of lands situated in some islands off the coast of Connaught, and of lands situate in that military belt around the Irish Quarters, was made to immigrants from New England, on the tenth April, 1655. In the next

year, 1656, several families from New England, bringing with them a quantity of the tobacco-weed (which they were 'cute enough to get in free of duty), arrived in the port of Limerick, declaring their intentions to become Irishmen! And they did, beyond a doubt, become good Irishmen, and Garryowen boys at that. This compliment we have returned long since, many of us having gone into New England with the express intention of becoming Yankees!

Two other batches, at least, of Yankee families came over in the same year, and settled upon government lands in the vicinity of Dublin. For some time past it has not been the fashion for the alien in Ireland to treat Americans with such honor and distinction when they visit the Irish shore. No, they clap them into prison now, sometimes. But, we venture to hope that the time is not far distant when *Irishmen* will be the masters of Ireland, and then Irish hospitality will ever be cordially extended to American citizens, and the latch-string will ever be found on the outside of the door. I

have some doubts, however, as to whether we can afford to give our American friends lands free—there will be so many of ourselves putting in our claims! But we can gratify our friends from over the water in another way—by aiding them in extending the area of freedom in every quarter of the world.

John Stone and *John Barker* were leaders of two bands of New England immigrants into Ireland. Who knows but that some very Irish descendant of one of these adoptive Irishmen may yet be governor of the STATE OF ERIN, *one of the United States of America?* In that day the motto on the armorial bearings of the United States in the STATE OF ERIN will be:

ERIN E PLURIBUS: UNION GO BRAGH!

which, though no Latin, hath a significance.

When Charles II ascended his ancestral throne, the Cromwellian veterans in Ireland were filled with alarm, lest they should be compelled to surrender the lands and castles which they had taken from the

royalists and Catholics. So they made themselves ready to defend them with force of arms, if necessary. But there was not the least need of resorting to arms, as the gay monarch generously extended to the Parliamentary rebels and regicides in Ireland full amnesty and pardon for what they had done and attempted against the first Charles; for were not the chief sufferers by their atrocities and injustice mere Irish? So the Cromwellian veterans and camp-followers, and the roundhead *undertakers*, held their lands and tenements in undisturbed peace.

When Charles died, his brother, James II, succeeded to the throne of England. James had no desire to disturb the nice arrangement made in Ireland for the maintenance of English supremacy. Yet the supremacy party took not kindly to Shamus, as he was a papist, so in his day of trial he had to place all his reliance upon those *king's Irish enemies*, whom himself, and his brother Charles, and his father, Charles I, and his grandfather, James I, had ever wronged and outraged.

But all was in vain. James had to go into exile, after having brought the horrors of war and British atrocity into Ireland once more. Indeed, no matter who wins or who loses in these wars, the Irish invariably suffer most :

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Again did the victorious party help themselves to the lands of the Irish, and left the native race only one-tenth of the property of the country. The Cromwellians had been alarmed for the security of their estates more than once in the course of the Jacobite and Williamite war, so, now that they had the Irish again fairly under their thumb, they resolved to adopt a course which would effectually, and, as they thought, forever, prevent the Catholics from attaining such power, whether political, pecuniary, or intellectual, as again to enable them to endanger British ascendancy in the country. And the system which they adopted was a code of penal laws, "a machine," says Edmund Burke, "of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the op-

pression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of *human nature* itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

This code, with terrible consistency, began its severities with infancy ; Catholic children could be educated only by Protestant masters at home, and it was a penal offense to send them to foreign countries for an education. Catholics were excluded from every profession except the medical ; from all official stations, however trifling ; from trade and commerce in corporate towns ; from taking long leases of land ; from purchasing lands for a longer tenure than thirty-one years ; from inheriting the lands of Protestant relatives ; and from possessing horses valued at more than five pounds sterling, or twenty-five dollars. On the other hand, appropriate rewards were offered for conversion to the religion of the state. A child of a Catholic father, becoming a Protestant, could sue his father for sufficient maintenance apart, the amount of which was determined in the Court of Chancery. An

eldest son, conforming to the Established Church, at once reduced his father to the condition of a tenant for life on his estate.

There were rigorous laws enacted against priests and friars exercising their holy ministry, while an annual stipend was proffered by the state to such priests as would apostatize. A law of the ninth year of King William III, passed in the year 1697, ordained "that all popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, deans, Jesuits, monks, and all other regular popish clergy, shall depart out of the kingdom before first May" of the following year. If they should return, they were to be deemed guilty of the crime of high treason, the penalty for which is hanging, drawing, and quartering! This act furthermore extended the penalties of treason to "any person of the popish religion who shall publicly teach school, or shall instruct youth in learning in any private house within this realm." And if any Catholic presumed to act as teacher or usher in a Protestant school, a fine of ten pounds was imposed upon him. So far for specimens of the barbarous enact-

ments of the penal laws. The poet Thomas Dav
well describes those hideous laws :

THE PENAL DAYS.

O weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained ;
O weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned ;
 When year by year,
 For serf and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
 And filled with hate,
 Our Senate sate,
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
O weep those days, the penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire ;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf or friar.
 Among the poor,
 Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true,
 While traitor knave
 And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue ;
And exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.

A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive ;
No popish lord had lordly power,
And peasant scarce had leave to live ;
 Above his head
 A ruin'd shed ;
No tenure but a tyrant's will to live ;
 Forbid to plead,
 Forbid to read,
Disarm'd, disfranchis'd, imbecile ;
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman born in penal days !

The rebellion of 1798 was fomented by the enemies of Ireland, and especially by the Society of Orangemen, which had received its complete and final organization three years previously. Ripping up, hanging, pitch-capping, bayoneting, smothering, fusillading—ah ! where is the use of rehearsing the painful history ? The gallant General Sir Ralph Abercrombie declined to serve with the army that England employed to put down that rebellion. They thirsted for blood and slaughter, and the chivalrous SOLDIER would have no fellowship with them. Major-General Sir William Napier writes,

that, though only a mere child at the time of the rebellion, he was connected with the army, and that he would ever remember with horror the tales of lust, and blood, and pillage, that the soldiers told in camp, recounting their own deeds. The brave General Sir John Moore declared that the sole object of the gentry and yeomen during the rebellion was to gratify their ill humor and revenge upon the poor people. The word of these gallant heroes is of course unimpeachable, and nothing need be added to these brief statements of theirs.

Has ever a land been visited with a scourge to compare with that of *Orangeism*? I need not recall the history of that hellish and atrocious organization. Suffice it to say, that hate and vengeance are, in Orangeism, what love and charity are in the religion of Christ. The famous charter-toast of the first Orange Lodge in Dublin, and which became afterward the first and principal toast of all Orange Lodges, reads like a broad burlesque and caricature; but alas, no! It was drunk in solemn earnestness, with a sort of religious devotion. Here it

is: "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, Prince of Orange—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from Pope and popery, brass money and wooden shoes! He that will not drink this toast, may the North wind blow him to the South, and the West wind blow him to the East. May he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the ferry to hell. May the Devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, so that every pin may tear out his insides! May he be rammed, jammed, and damned into the Great Gun of Athlone, and fired off into the kitchen of hell, where the Pope is roasted on a spit, and basted with the fat of Charles James Fox, while the Devil stands by, *pelting him with Cardinals!*"

So grand, and loyal, and tasteful a toast as that must of course be drunk with all the honors. Accordingly, they used to drink it kneeling, kneeling too on their bare marrow-bones; and why not? for it was the principal act of their infernal religion of hate.

There is in Ireland a peculiar institution, called *The Irish Church*, or, *the Church established in Ireland*, as though by a sort of Irish bull; as it is neither Irish nor, properly speaking, *established* in Ireland. Indeed, so little stability has it, that, cut off its support from the state, and it is gone forever. This so-called church may be considered as the richest in the world, considering its membership. Its estates are worth thirteen million pounds sterling, say sixty-five millions of gold dollars; while its membership, big and little, young and old, amounts to half a million souls. This gives about one hundred and thirty gold dollars' worth of church property to every one of them, *as they come*; and their members grow less apace, instead of increasing; so that, if things go on as they are going, after awhile we shall find the membership of the establishment reduced to so small and contemptible a handful, that each one of them will have to represent a million dollars' worth at least of the raw material of salvation, poor fellows!

If it were their own they thus represented, one

might only be tempted to laugh at the spectacle; but when all this comes out of the pockets of plain people, who want none of their established religion at all, having a vigorous Church of their own, then indeed the case is altered, and even Irish good humor can regard it with no feelings but feelings of indignation. And yet, for all that this establishment is the most contemptible band of plunderers and swindlers under the sun, it is simply astounding to behold how sanctimonious the fellows can be, and how godly! Heavens! what a rout the army of the IRISH REPUBLIC will make of these *obscene birds*, if found on Irish soil when our much-to-be-desired struggle commences in good earnest! I should not be averse to seeing a High Commission of Fenian colonels sitting gravely in judgment, just after the conquest, to examine, for instance, into the affairs of the extinct diocese of *Kilfenora*.

- This diocese is an *extinct* one, its light having been put out, I care not when, for want of church-members. It may be taken as a specimen of the way affairs are managed in the church by law es-

tablished in Ireland. Within the bounds of this extinct diocese there are as many as forty-nine families, all told, who belong to the Established Church. (I write in the *present tense*, though the data which I am giving were first published at least two years ago. And the membership is ever decreasing.) For these two score and nine families, twelve ordained clergymen are provided, who are paid out of the public treasury, to supply all their spiritual wants. They must be very bad people indeed, those established churchmen in the extinct diocese of Kilfenora, seeing that they need so many clergy to save them! The clerical officials are the Dean, Archdeacon, Treasurer, Rural Dean, Vicar-General, Registrar, four incumbents, or pastors, and two curates, or assistants, who assist the incumbents to attend to the souls' wants of the immense Protestant population, and to eat the bread of idleness, with the butter of unjust gain. And we must bear well in mind that among the forty-nine families of Kilfenora, the families of the clerical harpies are counted in. Then, as it is quite likely that all

of them are married, we must deduct twelve from forty-nine, and this leaves thirty-seven families for the dozen clergymen, or three families for one clergyman, or one clergyman for three families ; a sad enough state of affairs howsoever you put it. Sad indeed, whether you regard the overcared-for families, or the underworked clergy, or the sadly outraged people of poor Ireland, who have to pay all these pretty pipers who pipe for this strange Irish jig !

Now add to all this the evils of absenteeism, or the practice of landlords deriving big rents from their estates in Ireland, which they squander in England and on the continent of Europe. Add to this that the poor tenant has no rights which the land-owner is bound to respect ; add to this that every high and lucrative office in Ireland is invariably held by Englishmen, or if by Irishmen, then only by such as have deserved well of England, by treason to Ireland ; and we come again to the old and o'er true statement, that the policy of England is to exterminate the Irish.

God made the land, and all his works are good;
Man made the laws, and all they breathe is blood;
Unhallowed annals of six hundred years;
A code of blood, a history of tears.

But vain was all the savage fury of our enemies against the stout hearts of our ancestors in the darkest days of Ireland's history. In vain, too, were all the allurements held out to them, to change their faith. That long-protracted crusade was barren of victory over Ireland's loyalty to faith and truth in the past, and it is cursed with barrenness to this day.

We have seen that people famishing, walking the earth in the semblance of skeletons, *anatomies of death* rather than living men, from the wasting of hunger, and from the violence of fever generated by sore famine, whilst the alien ate the bread that should rather sustain the life of the faithful people. Then a hated, hireling, foreign—no, I will not call the thing a *priesthood*, for a priesthood which has lost the divine impulse of compassion for human grief and suffering, and whose daily bread is the

fruit of injustice and extortion, is no longer a priesthood—yes, that un-Irish, that un-Christian body, called the Established Church of Ireland, mocked at our extreme woe, or only insulted us by offering us bread on base conditions—if we would consent to play false to conscience, and commit the sin of Judas against our Lord! Then England was not ashamed when distant nations sent us relief, which we had a right to *demand* from her! Then, as vultures flock in troops to prey on the remains of some poor wanderer who has laid him down to die in the wilderness, in like manner flocked into Ireland, and into the scenes of deepest distress, modern Pharisees, compassing seas and lands to make proselytes of starving papists, and, having gained one, making him sevenfold the child of Satan as far as was in their power. This is SOUPERISM, accursed of God and men!

But God be praised! Though the poor people's spirit was weakened by the mournful cries of their famishing little ones more than by the pinching of dire hunger in themselves, they who fell repented

them in time of their momentary apostasy, having with the lips told a lie, when flesh and blood were unable to hold out any longer. And, surely, a merciful God easily forgave his poor Irish children for their very, very, very brief wavering when sorely, ah, *how* sorely tormented!

When in their wretched cabins,
Racked by the fever pain,
And the weak cries of their children
Who ask for food in vain;
When starving, naked, helpless,
From the shed that kept them warm,
Man has driven them forth to perish
In a less cruel storm;
Then, then, we plead for mercy,
Then, England, hear our cry!
For all we ask, O England,
Is—leave them there to die!
Curst is the food and raiment
For which a soul is sold;
Tempt not another Judas
To barter God for gold.
You offer food and shelter
If they their faith deny—
What do you gain, O England,
By such a shallow lie?

.
Leave them to that great Mother
In whose bosom they were born ;
Leave them the holy mysteries
That comfort the forlorn.

.
Leave them the pitying angels,
And Mary's gentle aid,
For which earth's dearest treasures
Were not too dearly paid.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, *cum Beatis.*

We shall never, until we see our Maker face to face, come to know how many thousands were added to the glorious roll of martyrs during that dread famine in Ireland! Would it be rash to assert that *every one* of them that died of hunger was a glorious martyr of Christ and of the Catholic faith? The emissaries of modern Pharisaism were swarming all over Ireland, as thinking their hour had come; and they had a plenty to support the poor sufferers if they would sell their souls for victuals. Has the world ever witnessed constancy like this of the Irish people? Contrary to all human expectation, and all experience, the faith

prospered—rather, the people clung to their religion more firmly than ever. .

We are prepared now to meet, unmoved—rather let me say with pity—the sneer of the scoffer, the derision of the infidel, who know not, nor care to know, that the highest glory of a man, or of a nation, is *fidelity to God*. We who are the representatives in this age of a long line of glorious martyrs and confessors of the faith—shall I say it—*the remnant of a nation of martyrs*; we who have parted with much that men hold dear, out of loyalty to principle, loyalty to religion—we can not be deterred from persevering to the end, with the same steadfastness, by the stupid gibes and taunts of ignorant men.

They say that our confidence is visionary and baseless! They tell us that our faith is not worth the sacrifice! They say that God can not approve of this voluntary self-annihilation of a nation for conscience' sake! They say that it were better to advance with the age than to preserve intact the faith handed down to us by our fathers! But, thank

God! so have we never been taught. But, thank God! so have we never believed. The law, as we read it, runs thus: "Thou shalt serve the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with all thy strength." That first of all. The rest will follow in good season. The Irish nation had the choice proposed to them—deny your faith or prepare for the worst! They rejected with scorn the insulting proposal! Ireland spurned the alluring bribe, and the *alternative was hers!* Then it was that the sword of persecution entered the soul of her. But she was unconquered then, as she is unconquered still. Yes, she is even victorious, though she staked all and lost all in the contest, save only her honor and her faith; whilst the victor lost honor, and shall, please God, lose all his conquests too, in that day when the divine promise comes to be fulfilled in favor of poor Erin: "The meek shall possess the land."

When the Jews had our Lord hanging on the cross, they mocked and scoffed at him, saying,

"If thou be the Son of God, come down." He had placed himself at their disposal unreservedly, to work their pleasure upon him ; it was their hour, and the power of darkness. And when the Irish nation had been for centuries subjected to the extremity of fierce persecution, so that the very features of men were changed, by reason of the sharpness of the long agony ; and when the lineal descendants of kings and valiant chieftains, whose names adorn the pages of history, took the appearance of an inferior race ; when the open brow, and brave glance, and laughing eye of the light-hearted Celt were depressed, dimmed, defaced ; when the fiery ardor of Gælic nature was repressed, stamped out ; when the shackles of servitude had changed the proud, soldierly step of the freeman into the shambling gait of the slave ; when the most excellent gifts that God Almighty bestows in the order of nature—comely person, intelligence, wit, capacity for learning, generous heart, fiery valor, fidelity to trust and to plighted faith, abundant gayety and wealth of humor—when all these noble qualities

were blighted, crushed out almost, by centuries of cruel wrong; and when, in the stead of them, too often the vices of serfdom and slavery were substituted, then we were taunted with these defects, which *we* were not justly chargeable with, but rather our enemies. It is said, "Lo, to what an extremity of misery and wretchedness has their faith reduced them!" Wretched, indeed, and deplorable is the condition to which that land, so bountifully endowed by God, has been reduced! But we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that Ireland is not fairly chargeable with this. We say to the oppressor of Ireland, "This is your work, all!"

If the darkness of ignorance has, in a measure, superseded the light of knowledge in that unhappy land, it is you that extinguished the torch of science; it is you that prohibited learning, and suppressed the schools, and outlawed the school-master! It was English law that sealed up the fount of learning for which their souls were athirst; and if any man desired to afford his sons a liberal educa-

tion, as befits a Catholic gentleman, he must send them over seas to procure it. If public spirit is well-nigh dead in that land, and a healthy national pride almost vanished, none but you, the foes of Erin, are to blame. If some of the vices of the Helot disfigure the national character, it is you, our oppressors, that sowed the seeds of them. If the people are restless and turbulent now, and incapable of being benefited by any thing that England can do for them, it is you that caused them to mistrust and dislike you. If, despairing of doing good for their country by lawful means and above board, they now resort to such infamous practices as Orsini shells, Greek fire, and gunpowder plots, and private assassinations, it is you that have taught them to do so by lionizing every red-hot revolutionist and radical cut-throat in Europe. It is you that broke their elasticity of spirit, so that now they scarce have the nerve to arise and throw off their shackles, though you should in good earnest bid them go and be free and independent of your odious tyranny. Even your gifts and conces-

sions they have learnt to fear and suspect. You have taught Erin to say—

“Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.”

The depressing and debasing effects of long ages of servitude can not be effaced in a day, no, not even if the oppressor were sincerely willing to deal leniently and generously henceforth. There is even reason to fear that our race has, to some extent, irremediably deteriorated through adverse circumstances. Alas, poor land! Island of sorrow! They have wrought their will upon thee! The only glory that remains for thee presently is the fame of thy constancy and the secure possession of the faith of thy fathers.

But surely the Almighty will not be unmindful of his mercies forever. Surely he must have a glorious future in store for the faithful isle. She has conferred benefits lavishly on many lands. In many a hotly-contested battle-field of Europe, when thrones and dynasties were at stake, Irish valor has been crowned with laurels of victory. In many a

dark hour of a nation's trial has Irish prowess come to the rescue, and secured the applause and undying gratitude of a people. And surely France, whose *fleurs de lys* were borne aloft on many a field of carnage, by stout Irish arms, will not be ungrateful to the Emerald Gem of the Sea when the hour of her deliverance approaches. And happy America will not withhold her aid from a *kindred* nation in her final struggle.

The Almighty will grant her yet a glorious deliverance from all the ills that oppress her to-day. In the darkest hour of our affliction we shall not be without hope; and the bard of Ireland only gives utterance to the universal sentiment of the nation when he sings :

The nations have fallen, but still thou art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set ;
And tho' Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin ! O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the brightest shall fade.

But I care not what reward may be in store for

Ireland (and may it be exceeding great, in proportion to her unequaled, chivalrous fidelity), it still can not surpass the glory which she derives from her constancy in the faith handed down through a splendid line of apostles, martyrs, confessors, holy men, and holy women, through nineteen centuries of trial. We must be careful not to prove the unworthy progeny of so noble an ancestry, but must, by our life and conduct, reflect credit back on them. *Gloria patris, filius sapiens*: a wise son is his father's glory.

You could have had wealth and native government, and commerce, and manufactures, at any time during the past three hundred years, if you would abandon your faith. But they who went before you, spurned the infamous proposal. They put in your hands, Irishmen, wherever your lot be cast, the honor of that isle, untarnished by a single speck of dishonor or shame! *Semper et ubique fideles*, always and every-where faithful, was the inscription on the flag of the Irish brigade in France, and under that was inscribed a long list

of glorious names. They were the names of victories that Irish valor had achieved for France. That same motto is inscribed on Ireland's escutcheon. Bear it well in mind: SEMPER ET UBIQUE FIDELES!

Unless our lives display the heroic virtues of our noble ancestry, we claim the honor of descent from them fraudulently.

In the old and faithful isle all the signs of the times seem to indicate an approaching surcease of misfortune. Her merciless tormentor is no longer the arbiter of nations, no longer the mistress of the sea, as once she was. Her power and influence are sensibly declining. She dare not go to war to-day with any first-class power, for well she knows the exiled Irish would be at her throat in an instant. Disintegration of her political fabric is imminent; and the forcès which will rend her boasted Constitution to tatters, are only temporarily controlled and held in check, but before long they will spurn control, and then, crushing with resistless violence the frail barriers of artificial aristocracy and puppet

royalty, will restore to Ireland her own; and then, perhaps, England will become just, as once she was mighty.

Ireland's struggle is the longest and fiercest fight on record. All mankind acknowledge that we have fought valiantly, and Heaven approves. We still live; we still display the same courage as ever before. The heart of the Irish patriot beats still as strongly as ever. We are unconquered—we shall be unconquered to the end. We shall soon, with God's blessing, be *conquering* too. Meanwhile, toward the foe our attitude shall be defiant as ever. And—

When nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-liv'd pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard.

NOTE.

It will perhaps be expected of me to explain the similarity noticeable between some portions of the paper "Concerning Boys" and a "Book about Boys," by A. R. HOPE (Boston: Roberts Bros., 1869). Nearly all of that lecture was written before I had ever seen, or even heard of that book. There are, however, two or three points, for which I am indebted to Mr. Hope. One of these is Johnson's *rule*; another, the anecdote of the two boys who arranged a fight on the first day of their acquaintance. Further than this, I do not know that I am indebted for any thing to Mr. Hope's book.

As to the lecture on Ireland, it will be sufficient to say that it could never have been written, at least in its present shape, were it not for the aid afforded by Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," a work of great research (New York: P. M. Haverly, 1868).

The facts in "Superstition" are common property, and drawn from a hundred sources. The speculations, such as they are, are my own. I have not been able to find any book on the subject of *Newspapers*, and there accordingly I had to draw on my own resources.

As to *CULTURE*, it is not necessary for me to say that it is original, its originality being, I fear, the very cause of all its deficiencies.

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Devout Methods of hearing Mass; Explanation of the Ceremonies of the Holy Mass; Daily Exercise for the Suffering Souls in Purgatory; Regulation of Life for every day, week, month, and year; Subjects for Meditation for every day in the week.

Roman Calendar; Table of Movable Feasts; Commandments of God, Commandments of the Church; Explanation of the Ornaments and Ceremonies that are used in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; Abridgment of Christian Doctrine, Profession of Catholic Faith; A Short Regulation of Life, Morning and Evening Prayers, Family Prayers, Prayers used by Purgatorian Societies.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to the Sacred Heart of Mary, to Saint Ignatius, to Saint Aloysius.

■ Novenas to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to the

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Instructions for the exact performance of a
Novena.

Litanies of Jesus and Devout Prayers, of the Ever
Blessed Virgin Mary, *Litaniæ Sanctorum*, of
Saint Francis Xavierius, of Saint Aloysius, of the
Saints, of the Blessed Sacrament, for a Happy
Death, for the Dead.

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the Mass, Mass for the Dead

Prayers for Confession and Communion, Prepara-
tion for Confession and Advice to be followed
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munion, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Devout Prayers to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to
the Five Wounds of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ, to Saint Joseph, to our good Angel
Guardian.

Prayers of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin Mary,
to be said by those who carry an *Agnus Dei*, for
our Friends, for our Enemies, for Fidelity to our
Vocation, for Young Women, of Thanksgiving
upon the recovery of a Person from the bed of
sickness, Prayer for a Pregnant Woman, Uni-
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tion, Thirty Days' Prayer, Prayers to Saint
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Instruction and Explanation on Indulgences, Six Sundays of St. Aloysius, Votive Obligation to St. Joseph, Subjects for Meditation for every Day in the Week, Instructions for Meditation, Seven Penitential Psalms, Instructions and Devotions for Confirmation.

Hay's remarks on the Rosary, Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, Rosary of the Blessed Name of Jesus.

Jesus Psalter, Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Office for the Dead with directions how to recite it, Office of the Blessed Sacrament, Meditations "of Judgment," "of the Blessed Sacrament," "of the Deformity of Mortal Sin," "The Circumstances and Application, as before."

Short Acts of Virtue, which may be leisurely and distinctly suggested to sick persons in time of danger; yet so as not to fatigue them with too much reading, Preparation for Death.

Psalm of Humiliation for Days of Fasting and Humiliation: MISERERE MEI, DEUS; De Profundis.

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the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999). The prevalence of mental health problems in the UK is estimated to be 10% (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of people with mental health problems. The Department of Health (1999) has published a strategy for mental health care, which aims to improve the lives of people with mental health problems. The strategy is based on the following principles: (1) people with mental health problems should be treated as individuals; (2) people with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to participate in decisions about their care; (3) people with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live in the community; (4) people with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to work and study; (5) people with mental health problems should be given the opportunity to live a full and active life.

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